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## REVIEWS

*Goethe in his Official Capacity, &c. represented by his last colleague, Dr. C. Vogel—[Goethe in amtlichen Verhältnissen.]* Jena: Rommann. London: Asher.

THIS is another of the memorials in honour of Goethe, and may be received as a small contribution to the store of materials awaiting the hand of his future biographer, whenever the time shall discover a person fitted for so arduous an office. It is a charge to be intrusted to no common pen, and yet we do not know of any subject in the present day equally tempting to literary ambition; for the history of Goethe's life, abundant as it is in the variety of its personal features, would in nowise be accomplished by the exhibition and development of these only. It must acquaint us with the fashion of the time in which he appeared and laboured; and describe that revolution in the mind and letters of Germany, which alternately aroused and afforded an arena for the young champion of her national privileges. It must discover the circumstances which determined his energies, and display their influence on the eminent minds of a period full of great endeavours, and marked by acquisitions of no ordinary importance. This period, the golden age of German literature, was comprised within the term of Goethe's life: his works were the richest fruits of a promise which was just budding forth, when he first began to think and write: his name is indissolubly connected with the arts, the letters, the poetry of his country; and the grave closed over him as one of the last survivors of a long procession of great men, whose names illustrated a short but glorious day. The portraiture of no rarely-endowed mind can be complete without some notice of the circumstances in which it appeared: how little then could any partial or personal description adequately represent an intelligence, which was at once the light and the reflection of a time rarely equalled in mental activity! The history of Goethe must not only exhibit the poet, the thinker, and the man, but also display the character and events of the age in which he lived, and the nature of the men by whom he was surrounded. For such an undertaking he has himself left some brief but valuable notices, in which the main features of the work are sufficiently indicated, but much is yet wanting to complete the picture. And in what direction may we look to discover an artist capable of doing justice to a subject of such compass and varied significance?

To a work like this, the pages now before us will bring little beyond the fixing of a few dates, and some additional evidence of the diligence and exactness, which were mingled with an ardent imagination and great comprehensiveness, in the composition of Goethe's mind. His official life, indeed, was continued during the long interval between his arrival at Weimar in 1775, to the day of his death; but it is of little importance in any general sense, however beneficial it may have been to the small community to which his exertions in this respect were devoted. They were chiefly confined to the superintendence of institutions connected with science, education, and the fine arts; the narrow resources of which, attributable to the small means, rather than to any want of liberal inclination in the

prince, prevented them from ever becoming considerable. Within their own sphere, indeed, they were of great value, and they contributed to attract to the little court of Weimar some of the chief men of the age: it is nevertheless almost ludicrous to observe the petty details with which they occupied the Minister of Public Instruction; and we may be permitted to smile at the official gravity of "reports" concerning the pattern of a library door, or the expediency of permitting a fencing-master to exercise his pupils in a hall sacred to fossil bones. Of this description are the chief matters treated of in the present notices of Goethe's official career, and the good Doctor arranges them with an air of importance, which shows that he at least considers them affairs of great moment. Now we heartily reverence the memory of Carl August, of Saxe-Weimar; a prince, whose virtuous ambition deserved a wider sphere for its exercise; but we must confess, that the affairs of his small dominion afforded little employment for a mind like Goethe's, in any relation befitting its powers; and we have often thought, in spite of the friendship existing between the prince and the poet, that the latter, in his miniature duties at Weimar, too busily consumed the hours which he might otherwise have devoted to imperishable labours.

Doctor Vogel's book is filled with the official notes, &c. of Goethe, concerning the institutions which he directed or established; such as museums, schools of design, the Jena Observatory, the botanical garden, &c. Of the most interesting of his labours at Weimar, the foundation, namely, of a school of acting and declamation, we have no notice here. The most important of his services to which the Doctor alludes was the constitution, and arrangement in its present form, of the great library at Jena; a task well and diligently performed: but was this a fitting occupation for the first poet of his day? Besides this, we have several notes that passed between the prince and his minister, on matters of little importance, and interesting only as a proof of the affectionate and confidential nature of their intercourse. We are also informed, that in relation with his colleagues, Goethe was prudent and courteous; and the papers now collected display his zeal in the discharge of his duties, and the vigilant interest he took in everything tending to encourage the progress of art or science, however trifling.

The compiler appears to be a very estimable person, duly impressed with the dignity of the offices which he exhibits, and we doubt not, that he believes them to have been the most important points in the history of the poet. One little trait of this persuasion is perhaps worth extracting. The Doctor sees fit to apologize for Goethe's occasional departures from the strict official style in his despatches; speaking of which, he says:

He did not indeed confine himself much to the prescribed forms; and at times even permitted himself to conclude an official mandate with such a postscript as this: "Will you, on an opportunity occurring, remember me, if any wholesome edible mushrooms are to be met with in your mountains, as also when the ewe-milk cheeses are in season: the cost of these I will gladly repay, and not unthankfully partake of such delicacies."

Honest Doctor Vogel! It was indeed a strange levity in a minister, occupied by no less important a subject than the discovery of a fossil cro-

codile, or the purchase of a theodolite for the Jena observatory, to think of mushrooms and cream cheese!

In conclusion, we may just notice, as an amusing evidence of the almost universal interest which Goethe seems to have excited in his countrymen, the contrast between this respectful tribute of the good Doctor's, and the warmer homage of lively Madame von Arnim, lately adverted to in these pages.

*The most striking Events of a Twelvemonth's Campaign with Zumalacarre, in Navarre and the Basque Provinces.* By C. F. Henningsen, Captain of Lancers in the service of Don Carlos. 2 vols. Murray.

THE very copious extracts from this work, which appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly*, awakened public attention, and its appearance has been somewhat impatiently looked for. There is no doubt it is a stirring and eventful narrative, but it must be read with great allowance. The Captain is a very suspicious witness—indeed, if it were worth while to anatomize the work, there would be no great difficulty in proving that some of his heroes are among the most blood-thirsty savages that ever disgraced humanity, and of proving it from his own evidence. We might, too, if it were our pleasure, expose the numberless assumptions in favour of Carlos, and his pretensions, and his hopes—why the Captain goes farther than the Baron de Los Valles, and would insinuate into the mind of the reader a belief or impression that the abolition of the Salic law was the mere arbitrary act of his brother Ferdinand! But, taken for just what it is worth, a mere narrative of stirring accidents by flood and field—a twelvemonth among the Guerillas—the work will be read with interest. We shall begin our extracts with an account of his personal adventures in his endeavour to join the Carlists:—

"Having left Bayonne on horseback towards evening, accompanied by a Basque guide, who went before me habited according to the costume of that people in a short jacket, black velvet trousers, a broad red sash, sandals, and a blue bonnet, we proceeded by the road to the Pyrenees. As he trotted along on his mule, according to my instructions, I was only to keep in sight of him, and never to address him but when spoken to: so that in case of our being stopped he might not be compromised. This was necessary on account of the extreme vigilance of the French police. \* \* \* My guide was a celebrated contrabandista; indeed, at that moment few would undertake to pass a traveller over, nor would they attempt it for less than a hundred francs. It was now nearly dark, for he had chosen the period of the new moon for our expedition. As he rode along whistling, he was joined by an old woman, to whom probably he had been making a signal. She spoke a few words in Basque, which appeared so little satisfactory to him, that we struck off into another road, when he informed me that we must sleep in France that night, but it would be very near the frontier.

"After crossing several rivulets, and mounting and descending, till past midnight, by paths where no animals, save the small horses bred in the mountains, or mules, could keep their footing, we found ourselves on a height, stumbling every minute against the stumps of some huge chestnut trees. Having resolved on maintaining the strictest silence, we advanced, as well as we could in the darkness, until we reached a cluster of cottages, which it was

difficult to distinguish in the darkness. We put up our two animals under a shed; my guide then knocked gently three or four times at a latticed window; a light was seen, and presently a young woman appeared at the window. Some whispering passed, after which the door was opened, and we found ourselves in a cow-house, where several oxen were reclining on the maize-straw. After providing for our cattle, the lady of the mansion introduced us into the kitchen of the cottage, where her mother was busily employed over her spinning-wheel. We appeared not only welcome, but expected guests, as was evident from our hosts being on foot at an hour when the peasant's family is generally plunged in deep sleep. After the first greetings were over, they talked to my guide for some time, very quickly and earnestly, in their incomprehensible language: the result, however, was, that a blazing fire of brushwood was made, and the younger female began to prepare our supper. We were treated with all the hospitality peculiar to the inhabitants of the Pyrenees. \* \* After we had done justice to the supper, I was surprised at the appearance of coffee, very white sugar, and some orange marmalade; but on learning that the smugglers carry on a contraband trade in almost every article that comes from beyond the frontiers, the wonder ceased."

We must here omit an account of the lives and characters of the Contrabandistas, to proceed with the narrative.

"I learned that where we stopped we were within two hundred yards of a post of douaniers; and it was resolved that next morning I should cross into Spain in the disguise of a peasant. As it was Sunday it was easy to pass unobserved, for the inhabitants of the Spanish villages were in the habit of coming into France, and *vice versa*. It was, however, necessary to avoid one post, which was situated at the head of a bridge over the Nivelle. About mid-day we proceeded on our journey; and just as we were stopping to cross the little river, which is easy fordable, although very rapid, a sentinel cried out to us to halt. The guide shouted to me to cross as rapidly as possible. Having the advantage of a few minutes' start, although the post was alarmed and was hotly pursuing us, we managed to reach the mountain after half an hour's race. For my own part I was quite exhausted. Our pursuers, although they fired several times to intimidate us, were only just out of gunshot. Having once reached the mountain, we were, however, safe amongst the brushwood. My guide mounted the rocky bed of a stream which had dried up in the summer's heat, and, after crossing two or three more hills and ravines, we halted in a shepherd's cabin. Here, after exchanging a few words with its owner, and taking from a bag of goat-skin a draught of the strong wine of Spain, a most delectable mixture, on account of its tasting of the skin itself, as well as of the pitch with which it is lined, the shepherd conducted me right across the frontier, which was not a mile off. A row of white stone-boundaries, and a few stunted trees along the road, which winds in the middle of a bleak heath-covered mountain, is all that indicates the separation of the two kingdoms. \* \*

"It was now growing dusk, but we could still discern the sea, and the light of the Phare of Bayonne, and of innumerable villages sparkling beneath our feet. Amongst the high and barren hills covered with heath, were quietly grazing a few flocks, apparently left entirely to themselves. At last the baying of a dog betrayed the presence of a herdsman; he gave us startling intelligence. We had reason to believe that the *pesceteros* were then in Urdax, the village to which we intended going. They had been the day before at Zugaramundi, a village a league from thence, where they had wantonly murdered the owner of the palace, as the old decayed chateau is called, and had taken from the curate twenty-five ounces of gold. After a long deliberation, as it was now dark, my guide resolved to enter the village to reconnoitre, while I lay down in the heath. After the lapse of an hour he came and informed me that the coast was clear, as the *pesceteros* had retired towards Irun. In a dirty inn, or *posada*, worse than the most miserable French public-house, I took up my abode for the night."

From thence the Captain proceeded to the

valley of the Bastan, and pushed on to Elisondo, in the neighbourhood of which town was a Carlist battalion. Here is a picture of a siege in Guerrilla warfare.

"We were for about ten minutes crossing a tract of rising ground covered with heather, whose sundried leaves rose almost half the height of a man. Numerous herds of semi-wild swine were feeding here, and sometimes galloped by in herds. Several orchards were on the other side of the acclivity, the boughs bending to the earth with loads of golden but tasteless apples. Elisondo is one of the largest villages of Navarre. I believe it is even a *villa*, or town. The Queen's troops had fortified an old solid building, formerly used as an hospital, which stands isolated at the extremity of the place. It was defended by a broad ditch, a palisade, and three pieces of cannon. They had also occupied and crenelled the adjacent houses. To an enemy not possessed of artillery it was impregnable, as the soil precludes the possibility of mining.

"At that time the cholera prevailed in Elisondo. Amongst the Carlists, however, probably from the air and exercise they enjoyed, not a single case was ever known. As the Christinos were strictly blockaded, and crammed one upon another, they were embarrassed to know what to do with their dead, and were obliged to throw them out of the windows of one side of the building into the dry ditch, where they lay corrupting the air. A couple of huts had been constructed with boards, in which the Carlist soldiers on guard were lying down among the heather, or playing with old greasy cards. Six or eight men were stationed behind a bank opposite the different entrances, and amused themselves by firing when any one appeared in sight. The Queen's troops now and then replied, and intermitted firing to insult their besiegers with their low wit, extremely amusing, as they always said something new."

The hardship and danger to which Carlos has been at times exposed, may be judged of by the following:—

"After burning the monasteries of Beira, Ronscevallos, and many others, under the pretence that the monks who lived in those edifices had favoured the Carlists—although, in truth, they had done no such thing, until these injuries proved that their neutrality availed them nothing—Rodil swept the Bastan, and fortified the hospital at Elisondo. Then dividing his army into numerous columns, he pursued both Zumalacaregui and the King, who had been advised to separate from his General, and continue with a small force, flying from the enemy under the direction of Eraso, who, with singular skill and activity, always managed to elude pursuit. While Zumalacaregui was preparing to give the enemy such occupation as would make them leave his royal master in comparative quiet, the army of Rodil being then all fresh and enthusiastic, and meeting with scarcely any opposition, followed with the utmost vigour; and the King's life was saved more than once by a hair-breadth escape;—sometimes pursued day and night by several columns, the insignificant numbers he had with him alone enabled him to elude his persecutors, his route being thereby more easily concealed. It is not easy to conceive all the unfortunate monarch suffered at this time, aroused at all hours to undertake long arduous marches during every inclemency of the weather,—through snow and rain, and by roads where half the time it was impossible to proceed otherwise than on foot. Although several times in imminent danger, and advised to enter France, he always evinced the same firm determination of conquering back his crown, or of dying in the contest for it on the soil of Spain.

"On one occasion Rodil had tracked him to a mountain which he surrounded with 9000 men. So actively had the pursuit and search been carried on, that a young officer of artillery, Don Tomas Reyna, who had been endeavouring to manufacture a few pieces of artillery in the mountains, was also obliged to fly with his artisans and artillerymen. The night fortunately was dark and stormy; the King on one side with about a hundred followers, and Reyna on the other, were wandering about benumbed by the small piercing rain, and obliged to retrace their steps many times on account of having met with the bivouac fires of the Christinos. At last the two fugitive

parties approached each other. Reyna, exhausted from fatigue, and finding himself close upon what he imagined to be a patrol of the enemy's horse, was just about ordering his men to fire, when fortunately a mutual recognition took place. The fidelity of the peasantry, who knew that the King was in such a strait, saved him by leading him out of danger during the night."

With a personal sketch of Merino, one of the most cruel and unmitigated scoundrels that ever disgraced civilized society, we must conclude—at least for the present. We could fill a volume with the cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated by this man: even the Carlist Captain seems to speak of him with a shudder:—

"Merino is the true type of the Guerrilla chief. Of small stature, but iron frame, he can resist the greatest fatigues, and is wonderfully skilled in all martial exercises. His dress is rather ecclesiastical than military, and reminds one more of the curate than of the Brigadier-General. He wears a long black frock coat, round hat, and a cavalry sword. The only luxury in which he seems to indulge, is, in having a good horse beneath him. He has two magnificent black steeds, which are not only renowned for their excessive speed, but are said to climb among the rocks and mountains like goats. These are both saddled and bridled, and have been trained always to keep abreast, so that at whatever pace the mounted one may go, the other is always by its side. Merino, when he sees that one is tired, leaps from one saddle into the other, even when they are going full gallop. He always carries, slung by his side, an enormous blunderbuss or trombone, the discharge of which, loaded with a handful of powder and a number of slugs, is said to be like that of a piece of artillery, and would fracture his shoulder if fired in the ordinary manner. But he places the stock under his arm, and holds the barrel tight with the other hand. The last effort the Christinos made to take him, was by sending against him a Colonel named Moyos, who had also been a chief of partisans much in Merino's style. This man, of gigantic frame and stature, was well acquainted with the country, and of undaunted energy. Merino favoured him with an early interview, and in the first skirmish he met his death from the discharge of a trombone, whether from that of the curate I could never learn. The curate has seen sufficient of the fidelity of partisans, it appears, to trust only an old servant, who has been with him for the last forty years. Every evening, when he has disposed of his men, he rides away for the night, no one, except his faithful servitor, knowing whither he has gone. This has given rise to a report that he never sleeps above a few minutes in the twenty-four hours, a story in which the Castilians place implicit faith, and, indeed, they may well believe anything of a countryman who neither smokes nor drinks wine. He is simple, and even patriarchal, in all his habits; but the successes he has obtained have always been tarnished with cruelty. An indefatigable and faithful adherent to the cause he has adopted, he has ever been found a bitter and merciless enemy; and his stern and inevitable decree against his prisoners is death."

Before we conclude we must observe, that the Captain starts by assuring us, that it requires "a long and familiar knowledge" of the Spanish people to estimate them justly—in this opinion we heartily concur. Now, for anything that appears to the contrary, the Captain himself never set a foot in Spain, was never out of the Basque provinces, and was there hunted from mountain to mountain, just "a twelvemonth," according to the title-page of his own work.

*Oriental Historical Manuscripts in the Tamil Language*, translated, with annotations, by William Taylor, Missionary. Allen & Co.

"REGIO Pandionis," or the southern kingdom of Madura, is in many respects one of the most interesting divisions of India; it was the seat of an active commerce with Europeans in the time of the Romans; the college of Madura was the great seat of Indian literature, and the only one which resisted the influence of caste, and opened

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avenues to fame and fortune, for intelligence in every grade of society. The historical manuscripts relating to this kingdom now translated, were intended to form a part of the great Mackenzie collection, but they luckily escaped the fate with which that precious literary treasure is threatened; by accident, they were rescued from the sepulchral archives of the India House, where so many treasures of oriental literature are hopelessly entombed; and they serve as a specimen of the valuable materials, which exist for illustrating the history, the religion, and the social condition of Southern India.

The translator has executed his task with care and fidelity; his notes discuss that most embarrassing of all subjects, Indian chronology, sometimes satisfactorily and always ably. He shows that the records of Hindūstan do not contradict the Mosaic account of the Creation, when minutely scrutinized, and he gives some curious legends of the Deluge, which manifestly refer to the events recorded in the book of Genesis. A coincidence of investigations on this subject deserves to be noticed; some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was led to the conclusion, that the Ararat of Scripture, on which the ark rested, should be sought in the Himalayan or Paropamisian chain, rather than in Armenia; and Mr. Taylor's researches, derived solely from the Hindū legends, assign the second cradle of the human race to one of the peaks of Imatis. We may mention also, that these new documents tend to confirm Schlegel's theory of the origin of the Hindūs, published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.

*The Devoted.* By the Authoress of 'The Disinherited.' 3 vols. Bentley.

THERE are favourite numbers in every lottery—favourite days in every month—favourite names in every family—favourite horses in every stud: why then should there not be favourite titles, nay, even capital letters, among those who cater for the amusement of the public in the charmed form of three volumes octavo? With the shortest step (not *stretch*) of memory, we can recollect 'The Disowned,' 'The Doomed,' 'The Disinherited,' 'The Distrustful,' 'The Deformed,' 'The Denounced,' 'The Discarded,' and lo! 'The Devoted' comes to lengthen the list. Some "gentle writer" (for there *are* such people, as well as "gentle readers.") will, ere long, be calling upon us to sympathize with the woes and perplexities of 'The Doubtful,' 'The Disappointed,' 'The Disconsolate,' and 'The Deceased,' (or Defunct,) while, for aught we know, at this very midnight moment of writing, some Maturin Redivivus may be preparing 'The Destroyed,' 'The Devoured,' 'The Diabolical,' and The —. But we must not ride the good letter D too fiercely, nor forget our courtesy, and permit Lady Charlotte Bury to suppose that we are intending some sarcasm against the pleasant novel now before us. The temptation to run away was indeed irresistible; but we are now the Dismounted, and have returned to our sober figured gown, and easy chair of criticism, somewhat more good-humoured, perhaps, and the better for the frolic. We incline to consider this as the best of Lady Charlotte Bury's novels; it contains, as a story, more interest, variety and vigour than any she has hitherto published; and our task in threading its mazes was at once easy and exciting. We suppose it must be classed among the fashionable novels; but it is free from the flippancy and insipidity of the class; and our authoress writes with truth and feeling of other conditions of life than those of the ball-room and the opera-box: and the same resolute, but not obtrusive desire of vindicating humanity, and of illustrat-

ing sound principles and right feelings, which we have praised in her former works, is here also manifest, only displayed on a wider canvas, and wrought out with fuller power. Lady Elizabeth, the daughter of the mechanical Earl of Altamont—(one of those automata, whose motto appears to be the same as Sir Trusty's, in Addison's opera—

Let me appear, my liege, I pray,  
Methodical in what I say.)

is, we suppose, to be considered the heroine; for she appears throughout with three lovers in her train—a gay gallant nobleman, a handsome young clergyman, and an eccentric cousin, whose wayward, fitful, half insane character, is well sustained to the end.—Delamere is, indeed, our chief object of interest. But in spite of her charms and her rank, we are inclined to think that Ethel Delamere will be considered the heroine of the heart. We hardly like the manner, however, in which she is ultimately disposed of. She is too sweet, too patient, too upright, to be merely suffered to marry the man of her choice, when the authoress did not know what else to do with him. We were also much pleased with Susan Brown, the victim of Delamere's caprice.

*The Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; with a Memoir of the Author.* By Henry William Beechey.

[Second Notice.]

WE have long hoped to see another edition of Reynolds's "Literary Works," but Mr. Beechey's is not the edition we hoped for. His volumes appear to us little less deficient in this part than in the former, noticed previously. There, he trips round the tomb of Sir Joshua in a velvet pump, to defend it with a buttoned foil; here, he crowns it with a few paper sprigs, as a friseur the peruke of a dead dowager lying in state. We profess our inability to perceive what great matter the public gains by such an edition, except more books: if so little is to be added in the way of analysis or illustration, how are we better off than with Malone, or the other compilers? Their volumes stand on the book-stalls at half the price of this in the shops, yet the greatest superiority it can arrogate is to stand, at the same place, a shelf higher. We do not, however, blame Mr. Beechey: publishers may have had in view to ruin their rivals, the stall-keepers, and selected him as supercargo for the imposing edition with which they designed to glut the market. He gave it, as they wished, a "new feature," not very precise about its appropriateness, like Hogarth's painter when he put the supernumerary joint in the leg of his flying angel. If Mr. Beechey undertook the work by contract, after this fashion, we might even afford to praise him for the soundness of his lath and plaster. His 'Life' of Sir Joshua, though feeble, as we have said, where it ought to have been most forcible, is got up with some attention to the artistic details—not, indeed, half so profound or comprehensive as the first of modern painters might have merited—an incomplete development of his pictorial character, rather titillating than satisfying curiosity. But to the "Literary Works" not even one note is appended—yet these make three-fourths of the publication, and are the principal excuse for it! Here the 'Discourses' come before us again in all the meagreness of their primitive form, not a fibre added to the skeleton. Nay, the very typographical errors are preserved religiously, like bad Latin in a Pope's bull—as, for example, the gross mistake in Discourse XIV, where Masaccio is confounded with the miserable Masucci, a great light of art compressed into a scintilla of pin's-point magnitude! Surely this leaving the ignorant reader to himself is equivalent to leading him astray! Show him a print from the

Cappella Brancacci, or San Clemente, he will loop and button his nostril at it, because said Discourse classes the artist among common-placers. Thus, also, the 'Journey through Flanders,' which, on account of the dislocation of the pictures criticized there, has become almost as confused as Drunken Barnaby's through England, is reprinted commentless, doubly to addle the soft-headed reader who endeavours to arrange it. Sir Joshua's admirable 'Notes on the Art of Painting' are left, too, in *puris naturalibus*, just as they were born.

Let us not be misunderstood: we recommend no tampering with the text of Reynolds, unless correction of its manifest errors (as Mr. Beechey seems to think) comes under that head—no taking its form as a lay figure whereupon to hang splendid rags of declamation; but we do recommend—demand from any one, who sets up as a patent editor, to supply, in the shape of comment, its deficiencies or requisite accessories. What these are, we shall venture to exemplify, as we cannot pretend to enumerate.

It is no small mark of Reynolds's breadth and volume of mind, that he wrote as well as he wrought; that he produced not only the best works in, but *on*, modern painting. Few subjects have been more frequently handled, or rather pawed, by dilettantes, gentlemen-daubers, condemned artists, and mechanical snufflers over the palette, whose minds were as contracted to a point as their paint-brushes. Not a single work on the art exists, comprehensive in its foundation, complete in its superstructure. We cannot point out, among the pyramids of books on painting, one treatise that exhibits the great and general principles, with a sufficient application of the same to practice. So rare is the mind of double-action! that in particular which unites the practical and the theoretical; so much rarer still is the mind, that, uniting, will exert them both, either through want of energy or public spirit. While the artists of Greece were philosophers and scholars, directing the impulses of their genius by the reins of their judgment and erudition, our modern artists have become proverbial for illiterateness, many of them being fit companions only for their models and mannequins. Even when lettered men, it is chiefly, like backgammon books, upon the outside alone: few, at least, have quantum enough of mind to divide without weakening it upon two objects—their profession and the production of able treatises. Sir Joshua Reynolds was, in mental enlightenment as in art, one of the ancients; though it might be said self-educated, he had a respectable knowledge of classic and common learning; still better, his mind had the *two natures*—that rare union which forms the real and rational Swedenborgianism of a certain class among men,—one to penetrate the abstract, one to pursue the practical. His spirit was eminently ratiocinative and cogitative; so that he could evolve the rudiments of his art, and compose them into a scientific system, as well as follow his profession with an enthusiasm that appeared to stream in this one way like a mere mechanician's. Hence his Discourses may be said to expound the true philosophy of painting: they, at least, of all modern works, seem to fathom its full depth, and give the quadrature of its area, if they do not specify its contents in detail. More: however humble their appearance, plain their materials, they constitute a basis, deep, broad, and solid, on which the Temple of Art might be reared, and must, if it is designed for aught but

† No better proof of Reynolds's enlarged and philosophic mind could be given than this: that from his Discourses and other works, we might select a number of maxims, by him professionally applied, but constructed with a generality which makes painting but a case of them. In a collection of ethic aphorisms, they might be quoted with those of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Johnson, and our other Wise men of England.

a castle in the air. But they are a groundwork, and no more. Laying the grand substractions of art, with a simplicity of plan, a strength of material, far beyond what any other work, however ambitious in title or pretension, has accomplished, they leave an edifice to be built thereon suitable to their own magnitude: while imperfect as a theory, the Discourses are still more deficient in practical illustration. This was to be expected, and excused—they were written under circumstances that rather tend to astonish us at so much being done, than raise a complaint at so little. Their author was no stipendiary professor, whose lectures were his office—no unemployed limner, glad of a rostrum to give him position, and the privilege of venting his annual accumulations of bombast. Reynolds drew up his Discourses in hours stolen from a lucrative and absorbing profession, or a still more profitable time of relaxation—drew them up at his own instance, gratuitously, as it were, with superfluous devotion of his talents, for there was an official professor of painting. Yes, this Sir Gripus of the Iron Hand—this eternal hiring of his own cupidity, who has been painted to us as scarce feeling the worth of life unless his hour-glass ran with gold, as dying from an ossification of the heart—this petrification of a man, this frigid figure of bloodstone—made a voluntary sacrifice of the yellow dirt so dear to him—made it often and long, to compose and deliver these lectures, in enthusiasm for the advancement of art and the elevation of its disciples! We may be told that he wrote them from a desire of shining as a man of letters. Distempered wretch! to labour under that last infirmity which Milton acknowledges, and thinks a starry plague-spot on noble minds—that careless consumption of the soul which preys only upon finer natures. In Reynolds, this desire is called vanity, pretension; in Fuseli and Barry, laudable ambition!

From what has been said, it is plain that the Discourses were never considered, or intended, by their author as aught beyond a sketch, or rather mere outlines, for a Treatise on Painting. They must, indeed, be taken as the mole pushed into a sea of blind confusion and uncertainty, upon which any and every treatise, that deserves the name of adequate, is to stand, if not built like a castle of cards—simply to fall: their principles must be adopted, literally or substantially, as the seeds of enduring life, in all such works, unless meant for ephemeral; but still a vast deal remains to be superimposed, or engrafted, or supplied by the editor. Fire from heaven is not enough, unless we add clay and skill to form the man. We, however, only suggest a treatise of the kind to the competent; having no right to demand it of a simple editor like Mr. Beechey. From him we were justified in demanding, for the purpose, but a small quota of materials, which we shall proceed to give various measures of, as what we required from him, and will exact (one at the least) from a future editor.

First: the original treatises (such as Leonardo's, Vasari's,) whence Sir Joshua drew many of his principles, should be cited. Second: those authorities which corroborate or impugn his principles, (such as Mengs, Fuseli,) should be subjoined at large, and summed or balanced with or against him. Third: collateral principles with his, and corollaries directly deducible from his principles, when useful, should be annexed, towards the filling in and completion of his plan. Fourth: his conflicting opinions (as those on genius) should be reconciled, or compared; his few erroneous (as on the Paris) rectified; and his questionable (as of Vandyck being the first portrait-painter) discussed. Fifth: opinions and principles from other good works should be col-

lected, as supplementary to his, and as a gradual elevation of that structure to be finished on them as a groundwork. Sixth: the Discourses are much deficient in examples. "Good thoughts," says the highest secular authority for wisdom, "are little better than good dreams, unless they go forth into action." The thoughts, or *principia*, of Reynolds, however excellent, often lose themselves partially or wholly in the abstract, for want of being led out to an object and localized upon it. Thus he tells us in Discourse II. that "of every large composition, even of those which are most admired, a great part may be truly said to be *commonplace*." This might perplex the uninitiated to understand without an example: the Transfiguration, or some other remarkable picture, well known from prints, should be analyzed, to establish the maxim, and define its extension. Seventh: as the style of these Discourses, however appropriate, is their sole objectionable quality, being we own somewhat tame, frigid, and artificial, we might recommend the editor to contrast rather than harmonise that of his comment with it. Of course we are not to be imagined as exhorting him to the Garagantuan style, or the prose-poetic, the sublimely obscure, or the inanely profound: let him by all means eschew metaphysical jargon, terms of exotic and falsetto rapture, specimens from the "English Flora," pseudo Kant and real cant; but let him arouse and sustain interest, if he may, by the natural magic of his eloquence,—let him bear the reader headlong by the flood and force of his own enthusiasm. We appoint him a task here not altogether so simple, it must be confessed, as trilling to a lark: but he may look on *this* seventh item as optional.

That editor would deserve well of his country,—nay, of the whole country of Art, containing many kingdoms, who did even one portion well of what we have suggested, towards meliorating and making still more current the "Golden Discourses." He would fulfil no mean office either,—might render himself in it superior to him he served: ministry is not always subordinate to what receives it; the Hours bring provender to the horses of the Sun. We have not wished by our items to draw a Chinese wall about the Discourses; let as much more be contributed by the generous editor to their advantage as he pleases, and we shall be proportionally grateful. Mr. Beechey has done scarce a thank's-worth; nay, he has not only done little, but that little in the wrong place—viz. the life of Reynolds, instead of the *works*. Meantime, while our editors are in embryo, we may state that the best book to be read, not as a comment, nor even a complement to Sir Joshua's, but an auxiliary, is that of his brother Academician, Fuseli. They are in counterpoint, or a sort of harmonic opposition to each other: one keeps the pedestrian style, steady and straight-forward, not so much taking the highway, as clearing it broadly for himself; the other bounds on a toe somewhat fantastic, yet withal alighting on remarkable points, everywhere rather than fair before him. This is all well, that the one should lay down the chart, pointing us out the sandbanks and breakers, the rocks and shallows, a few of the principal kingdoms we pass, and the great Gulf-Stream that will carry us round the world of Art if we steer duly in its course; while the other should animate us on the voyage, by signaling the monsters of the deep, the glorious phenomena of the heavens,—now amusing us with "lunar observations," now instructing us where the Ophirs and Golcondas of ancient and modern art lie, and giving us a brilliant account of their treasures. Like the ivory and gold of which statues were once composed, however impossible to amalgamate such different materials, the works of Reynolds and Fuseli would form an admirable body

of criticism, if they were made a rich foil one to the other. We submit the hint to an artistic editor.

The species of comment requisite for the 'Journey through Flanders and Holland,' has been glanced at above. This comment is, perhaps, as indispensable as that on the 'Discourses,' for Sir Joshua's practical remarks teach as much as his theoretic, yet are become nearly useless to most readers of the Journey, by those pictures on which they were made having since passed into successive hands or places. The Churches of Antwerp, Brussels,—indeed, of all the Flemish towns, are now almost wholly unhung, except with copies, original daubs, and hideous toys for the Virgin and Child, such as taffeta hearts and tinsel crowns. Most of the private collections have been dispersed. The new, or, at least, the present localities of the chefs-d'œuvre should be traced, as far as possible. No fitting editor for Reynolds would find it difficult, though Mr. Beechey might, to identify the major part: a large and splendid division of the Düsseldorf gallery is now in the Munich; several of the choice cabinet pieces are among ourselves; the Antwerp and Brussels Academies contain some of the most celebrated Rubens and Vandyck altar-pieces, &c.—There is another limb of the proposed comment not at all to be left in shade: an account of the *corrections* and *restorations* which many of those noble works have suffered, especially at the hands of French republicans, whose *gout* for destroying monuments was extended to these. Independent of its particular use as an illustration of Reynolds, we think such a comment on the 'Journey through Flanders and Holland,' if published apart, in the shape of a manual, would prove no less agreeable than beneficial to travellers through those kingdoms, as well as Bavaria, and at home. Artists who complain of the public as an ignorant and indiscriminate patron, would do well to afford it the means of becoming otherwise; connoisseurship is not rung into our heads by our corals-and-bells,—it does not drop upon us from heaven like dew; they partake themselves no little of their patron's emptiness and blindness, if they have never found out that the circle of knowledge and taste in painting must spread from *themselves* as a centre, from their own radiating point of instruction.

As to the third portion of Sir Joshua's literary works, his 'Notes on Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting,' what we have said upon the Discourses will apply as well to it. Respecting the item of *exemplification*, it is, perhaps, somewhat less deficient, but even here a good deal has been left, through the author's want of time, to an editor. Thus, where it is affirmed (with profound and comprehensive acumen, we grant,) that "the works of Michaelangelo, or Julio Romano, in their *sense of imitating truth*, may be said to be as natural as those of the Dutch painters,"—few readers will understand or admit this maxim, so contrary to vulgar opinion, although it be rooted in reason and fact. An example or two would make it clear and convincing. In short, we take upon us to assert that this department of Exemplification is paramount, for any system of instruction. A student or amateur will learn more from one work of Art ably analyzed, than a dozen theoretic principles, however solid and well expressed. An editor would cause the public mind to take leaps as spacious as light in the regions of his mystery, by following out the method of Reynolds, and giving a full analysis of the merits, demerits, management, &c. which every good production offers to our eyes; adding also its *biography*, with all material particulars. We say "analysis," not panegyric or rhapsody. Winkelman describes the Venus de' Medici as "like a rose which appears after the beautiful



dawn, and expands at the rise of the sun;" proceeding to say, that she reminds him of "that Lais whom Apelles instructed in the mysteries of love"; with more of such ecstasical impertinence. What do we learn from all this, but that Abbé Winkelman was a jet of rose-water, a pouncet-box of perfumed poetry? If he had told us that the expression of the Venus was in her attitude; that the chief seat of beauty was around her hips; that her height was so much above standard facial proportion; that she was finished with the edge of the chisel, not polished; that her arms were adventitious; where she was disinterested, and when; her material, dimensions, &c. &c.: if he had given us facts instead of flowers of speech, the sculptor's poetry written in the lines of her person, rather than his own written in his cups,—we might have profited; as it is, like Milton's flock looking up to the heedless shepherd, we are fed upon *mist*. Of all things, we deprecate mystification in an editor. Contrast Reynolds's analysis of the Frari Titian with Abbé Winkelman's flosculous oration upon the Venus, and observe how much more you net of true poetic thought as well as practical knowledge. But enough of exhortation and admonition: we dare say editors will, after all, take their own counsel about the production of a be-seeming 'Reynolds's Literary Works,'—and their own time.

*The Provost of Bruges.* A Tragedy. Macrone. We congratulate the author of this tragedy upon his successful attempt to uphold the dramatic literature of his country, and to assist in convincing the public, that if well-written plays are not more frequently produced, it is rather owing to a want of due encouragement on their part, than to the non-existence of the necessary talent. Having already spoken very highly of 'The Provost of Bruges' as an acting play, it only remains for us to make such extracts as shall prove that it has considerable merit as a dramatic poem. The plot is founded on the story of 'The Serf,' in Mr. Leitch Ritchie's 'Romance of History,' and the oppression of the nobles on the one hand, and the indignation of the serfs on the other, will at once afford a key to the tones of feeling which pervade the speeches of the two contending parties.

St. Prieux, a noble, and Bouchard, who has married the daughter of the Provost, are discussing the severity of the Earl's new edicts against the serfs. Bouchard condemns it:—

St. Prieux. Why, man, it is his virtue, his staunch justice, Resolved to give to every one his own. My serf is mine, his justice gives him to me. Bouchard. 'Tis thus for ever that ill-judging zeal Goads virtue into vice. 'Tis but degree That marks the storm from the propitious gale— The torrent, from the fertilizing stream. This justice, over-urged, grows tyranny.

St. Prieux, speaking of Constance, Bouchard's wife, admits that "she has some rare deservings":—

Bouch. All the gods could give her: Beauty, to shame young Love's most fervent dream— Virtue, to form a saint, and reign in heaven— With just enough of earth to keep her woman.

The first speech of Constance in the second scene (an address to the setting sun) is worthy of a being so described. Bouchard arrives; she chides him for having been so long absent, and accounts thus for her impatience:—

Constance. I have been nursed so tenderly, that never A cloud has shadow'd o'er me:—First, my Father, My dear, dear father, watched me with such care, I never had a wish, but ere it grew, 'Twas lost in the possession. Then you came With love, that strove to make his love seem small, So fondly did you cherish me,—then frown not Upon the child yourself did help to spoil!

Anon she is expressing anxiety for her father's return:—(a trumpet sounds).

Const. Ha! he is here; Quick to the gates, lose not a precious moment.

Oh! how I long to feel his circling arms, And hear him bless his child! my dear, dear father.

Bouch. Constance! shall I be jealous? Const. Not of him!— Not of my father,—he who gave you that Which, flatterer that you are, you have sworn so oft Was all your wealth:—who cherished with such care The growing flower, unworthy of his pains Indeed, but all his garden yielded, and Then gave it you to wear; no, not my father! Had you been six days absent, I would fly With as much joy to welcome your return (hesitating) Perhaps with more. (Enter Bertulphe.) Father, my own dear father!

See how well this filial affection is answered by the parent:—

Bertulphe. All watchful angels guard and bless my child! So! thou look'st bravely! not a trace of care— A bright and dancing eye, a healthful cheek; No vigils have disturbed the wanton smiles That dimple there! Traitors! there was a time When, had thy father been a week away, Thou wouldst have chid the leaden-footed hours, Pined in thy chamber, sadden'd in thy sports, And wearied every saint for his return!— Bouchard, beset me, but I grudge thy share In that young heart, that once was all my own. Love her, my friend! she has been fondly cherished, And scarce is fitted for the ungentle world; But she is safe with thee.

Having learned, from his son-in-law, the new laws against the serfs, which have been obtained by his rival Thancmar in his absence, he prepares to oppose them, but enjoins Bouchard to silence.

—And, for what you have seen, Your finger on your lip. Remember, power Is to the old what love is to the young— And both are jealous, if their mistress frowns, To keep the gossip from the prating world.

In the second act, Bouchard is inquiring of Constance the reason of her apparent sadness. Her forebodings of coming dangers are thus expressed:—

Const. Last night, when o'er the thickly studded sky The fleecy clouds would ever and anon Eclipse the gems of Heaven, I marked one star That twinkled in its sphere so joyously, The pitying vapours, as in tenderness, Forebore that part of Heaven, and passed along On either side, leaving an open path Where that star lay; and, as I looked on it, And thought upon my own unclouded life, I called that star myself; when, on the instant, A heavy streak, that had in ambush lain, Crept over it, and made a blot of darkness Where it had been—I saw my star no more! You do not smile, Bouchard.

Bouch. I cannot smile At that which makes thee sad; yet 'twas a folly. Const. There was a flower, too, in my father's garden, So weak and helpless, that some gentle hand Had doubly propped its stem; and oft I said That plant was Constance, and its strong supporters You and my father. With this morning's dawn I sought it out, but lo! its props were broken. And the poor flower, that still clung closely to them, Lay with them in the dust.

Very much more is there in this play well worthy of extract, but we must content ourselves with a portion of the scene between Bouchard and Bertulphe, in which the former,—having defied Thancmar to mortal combat, has had that combat publicly refused him, on the ground of his having, although previously noble, become a serf by reason of his marriage with the daughter of Bertulphe,—rushes hastily and infuriated into the presence of the Provost to learn the truth.

Enter Bouchard (hastily). Bouch. Bertulphe, am I a serf? Bert. Why, now thou ravest. Bouch. Fly not from the point, But answer me. Am I a serf, Bertulphe? Bert. There's not a noble living in all Flanders Can boast a purer ancestry.

Bouch. I know it: But I have mix'd their lofty blood with thine, 'Tis there the blow would reach me:—'tis through thee I Say—art thou free?

Bert. (undecidedly). Free? Yes. Bouch. (with violent impatience). Torture me not, But tell me—art thou free?

Bert. I am, for I am a man! Bouch. By Heaven, if thus thou playest with my words, Thou'lt drive my frenzy to some desperate act My reason will repent!—Wert thou born noble?

Bert. (calmly). No! Never clasp thy hands in idle rage, But listen! I was born of humble stock— Since now 'tis useless to affect concealment— Serfs—as your nobles call them; but I found That in my breast which might have fill'd a king's— A heart as proud as ever chafed at bondage. When manhood had braced up my limbs, I left My adopted home—it was the old Philippe's— For both my parents died:—this was the tie

Gave him such power on me: I left my country— I fed the soil they would have chained me to, And joined the foreign wars. In my first fight I cleft a noble to the waist. How now! I cried; is this a serf? Another fell! 'Twas strange a serf should mow down knights like grass! My fortune smiled—I rose to a command, And still was conqueror, till my fame so grew, That nobles flock'd to fight beneath my banner. Oh! then how the serf smiled! I join'd the council, And baffled haughty princes, crafty statesmen— All of most noble blood; yet none could stand Before the serf—until at length this Earl, Even Charles himself, besought my powerful arm, On Baldwin's death, to prop his infant cause; I placed him on his throne—I—I—Bertulphe! I placed him—held him there! Now tell me, boy, Where is the drop of blood within these veins That speaks its baseness! or, if none, confess Heaven made no serfs, but only man's device To trample on his fellows!

*The Works of William Cowper; with a Life of the Author.* By Robert Southey, L.L.D. Vol. II. Baldwin & Cradock.

SOME months have elapsed since the appearance of the first volume of this edition of Cowper's works; the second, however, is well worth waiting for. Whether the delay occurred on the part of the engravers, who wished to give their last finish to its beautiful embellishments, or of the biographer, who found new facts and anecdotes coming in upon him at the eleventh hour, we know not: but we do know, that this second volume is equally as delightful as the first—as careful in its research—as pleasant in its sober spirit—and as rich in contemporary anecdote and illustration. If it be not equal to the 'Life of Nelson,' or other of the laureate's prose works, it is, assuredly, such an addition to our stores of biography as few (what if we say none?) besides himself, in the present day, could produce.

We do not, however, find many insulated passages or anecdotes which it would serve our purpose to extract. The volume brings the bard to his residence at Weston—that most sunshiny part of his troubled life—when the honours of literature were beginning to gather round him, so pleasantly and naturally as not to startle his fearful spirit; and the cheerful society of his friends the Throckmortons, and of his amiable and intelligent cousin, Lady Hesketh, wiled away some of the gloom which had so long hung over him. It contains one or two of his less known poems, collected from now forgotten sources, and a few letters, hitherto unpublished, with other notices and fragments, giving the entire work freshness as well as completeness.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*A Treatise on the Political Economy of Rail-roads, &c., by Henry Fairbairn.*—In the preliminary chapters Mr. Fairbairn argues, that the existing turnpike roads are the true sites for the formation of rail-roads, and that horses, and not steam or locomotive engines, should be employed. Then comes the truly original part of the work: first, he proposes that there should be a rail-road from Dover to London, which, passing through the Thames Tunnel, is to proceed direct to Birmingham, Manchester, Carlisle, and Glasgow. Here we pause for a moment, and retrace our steps. From Calais there are to be diverging rail-roads to the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and ultimately, we believe, to be extended to India, and even to Canton. The unimaginative reader will now regret the impracticable distance which breaks the continuity of this fine line of national intercommunication—we mean the channel between Dover and Calais. Mr. Fairbairn, however, who has considered this subject, proposes, first, "to take down the Cliffs, and by the agency of rough labour alone, to fill up the sea for several miles." Having thus reached deep water, we are "to build walls of heavy stone or rough material, with external surfaces of iron, forming in the interior docks." As similar works must, of course, be constructed on the opposite side of the Channel, he further points out, the two being now only distant about ten miles, might be united

by "a chain-bridge, a causeway, a tunnel, &c., or any other the cheaper and more practicable mode." Having then established a direct railway communication with the continent, we return to Carlisle, whence a branch is to diverge to Portpatrick. Here again Mr. Fairbairn directs attention to the extraordinary facility which the material contained in the Copeland Islands, and the mountainous coast of Portpatrick, offer towards filling up the Irish Channel, and expresses it as his opinion, that this might be done to such an extent as to leave only about seven miles to be passed either by "a bridge or a tunnel." The rail is then to proceed direct to the Bay of Donegal; but there it stops, leaving to steam-boats to convey us across the Atlantic—not, however, without a significant hint of the possible future. "Here," says Mr. Fairbairn, "I will boldly point to the circumstance, that the depth of the Atlantic Ocean, between the western coast of Ireland and the coast of Newfoundland, does not carry an average depth of more than about thirty-five fathoms, the distance being twelve hundred miles. In this age, nothing can be presumed to be founded upon such a circumstance in the natural history of the sea; but, in anticipation of the wonders of futurity, the shallowness of the ocean between these islands and the continent of America may be worthy of being pointed out." All this is set down in good sober seriousness, with general estimates of the probable cost; indeed, the writer says, that "should inaccuracies appear in any of the calculations, it is hoped that the general correctness of the principle will outweigh such small errors."

*'The Wall's End Miner; or, a brief Memoir of the Life of William Crister, &c.'* by James Everett. With how small a portion of the world is the most widely-travelled acquainted; in how narrow a circle of interests and feelings does the most liberal thinker live! Want of time, want of opportunity, the pursuit of one or two engrossing objects, confine him to his own orbit in spite of himself; but should any casualty lead him into tracts new and strange, he has the advantage over the narrow-minded, of being, at least, willing to contemplate, and to open his understanding and heart to things which may not heretofore have been comprehended in his philosophy. At least, such we feel to be our case, in stumbling upon a book like *'The Wall's End Miner,'* a work which, in its own class, will have—probably has had already—both circulation and influence. So peculiar is it in its phraseology, that many would turn from it with aversion; so unlike in manner of its moral to most biographies we examine, that there may have been times when we should ourselves have thrown it aside with harsh and contemptuous words. To-day, however, we are more rational; we can perceive that though there be only a hair's breadth between enthusiasm and fanaticism, still the separation is clear and decisive: on one side of the boundary the morals and charities of life exist and flourish, though in an atmosphere strange to us. *'The Wall's End Miner,'* then, is one of those memoirs common among the Methodists, of a man of the lowest labouring class, in whom the preaching of a minister of their sect wrought the decided change of making an idler an industrious member of society. Crister, however, was never so rude a subject as many of the Kingswood and Newcastle convertites must have been. Had we found many personal traits in this biography, we should have treated of it more at length; but there is little to interest the general reader.

*'The Life, &c. of a Limb of the Law,'* by Michael Fagg, Esq., &c. with *Anecdotes of his Contemporaries.*—A volume of mere personal adventures. The references to the law and "contemporaries" not sufficient even to justify the title. It is, in fact, the Life of an Irish adventurer, somewhat impudent, and wholly without principle. The scenes are from low life, or worse—not always without power; but there is nothing in the work that could justify us in recommending it to the public, and much to which we seriously object.

*'Wilson's Historical, Traditional, and Imaginative Tales of the Borders.'* Vol. I.—The author of these tales is now at rest, after the hard struggle which but too often marks the early days of those who devote themselves to literature as a profession—his fate, too, is the more melancholy, inasmuch as he seems to have sunk under his labours, just when success had

crowned his endeavours. These Border tales, with others still unpublished, form, we are told, the only inheritance of his widow; and we hope that the popularity which attended their appearance in a periodical form during the writer's life, may continue to this collected volume; and that the weekly publication which is still carried on for the benefit of his family, may be as successful as it deserves. We have said enough to enlist the good feeling of such as are actively benevolent in behalf of this work, while for those who buy only that which pleases them, we may add, that there is much of pathos, humour, and descriptive power in these stories, and, considering their number, a remarkable variety of incident and of style.

*'Lays of a Wild Harp; a collection of Metrical Pieces,'* by Eliza Cook.—Common eyes (we mean no disrespect to the mass of readers,) would probably pass over this book with as little notice as they usually bestow on works, so trifling in form, and so faulty in structure. But the critic, we have always held, should be like the magnet, and attract to himself, however large be the heap of dust wherein they lie, the few grains of genuine metal which are passed over by those who are not required to possess a touch of like sympathy. And here, in the midst of much of the wilfulness and impertinence of youth, and constant traces of the want of discipline and cultivation, we fancy we have discovered those indications which make us offer to their authoress, one word of welcome with many of warning and counsel. She must tame and tune her "wild harp," before she can produce anything worthy of unmingled praise; but that she possesses power so to do, we think, may be discerned by the following fragments, so totally opposite in style:—

#### A Summer Sketch.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June;  
'Tis blushing summer now:  
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—  
The fruit is on the bough.  
The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,  
Amid the clust'ring vine:  
The rustic seat is in the porch,  
Where honeysuckles twine.  
The rose ragged urchins play  
Beneath the glowing sky;  
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase  
The bee that buzzes by.  
The household spaniel flings his length  
Along the stone-paved hall:  
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot  
Where leafy shadows fall.  
The petted kitten frisks among  
The bean flowers' fragrant maze;  
Or, lolling, throws her dappled form  
To court the warmest rays.  
The open'd casement, flinging wide,  
Geraniums give to view;  
With choicest posies rang'd between,  
Still wet with morning dew.  
The mower whistles o'er his toil,  
The corn'd grass must yield;  
The scythe is out, the swarth is down,  
There's incense in the field.  
Oh! how I love to calmly muse  
In such an hour as this;  
To nurse the joy Creation gives,  
In purity and bliss.

#### Rover's Song.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide;  
The Ocean's my home! and my bark is my bride!  
Up—up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea;  
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free!  
I fear not a monarch; I heed not the law;  
I've a compass to steer by;—a dagger to draw;  
And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,  
While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel!  
Quick—quick—trim her sails; let her sheets kiss the wind;  
And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind;  
Up—up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea!  
I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free!  
The night gathers o'er us; the thunder is heard;  
What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird!  
What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?  
She has braved it before, and will brave it again!  
The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall;  
They may strike; they may cleave; but they cannot appal.  
With lightnings above us, and darkness below,  
Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go!  
Hurrah! my brave crew! ye may drink; ye may sleep;  
The storm-fiend is hush'd; we're alone on the deep;  
Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea;  
Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the Rover is free!

*'The Lady's Keepsake, and Maternal Monitor,'* by the author of *A Mother's Portrait.*—This is among the many works of cut-and-dry wisdom which are produced year by year, month by month, day by day

—for the use of "the sex"; showing how young ladies are to conduct themselves, so as to merit proposals of marriage—the manners to be observed when that desired time arrives—how they are to become wives with decorum, and mothers of daughters as unexceptionable and well-rewarded as themselves. In short, it is a collection of good words, put together (with some bad English) by one who, as we learn from the preface, has a complacent estimate of his own deservings.

*'The Volume of the Affections; or, Bridal Offering,'* by T. H. Cornish.—Another "little present," (as Mr. Morris Brown in *'The Disowned,'* chose to style all the third-hand rubbish which he foisted upon the unwary and gullible at exorbitant prices,) for our female friends! Truly, they run some danger of becoming vain-glorious,—lessened by such Mentors as their last-mentioned friend, and graced with such rich gifts as this volume offers them. But what if we say that this *cadeau* of Cornish diamonds consists of gems,—the new ones most indubitably paste,—the old "stolen, strayed, and otherwise away conveyed," and marvellously ill-set. The editor, however, of this choice collection of original nonsense and pilfered sense, (to some of the poems and apophthegms he has not had the honesty to affix the writers' names,) like the author of the *'Lady's Keepsake,'* has an excellent opinion of himself, and anticipates much of the sunshine of public and royal favour.

*'Keightley's History of Rome.'*—Mr. Keightley is a strenuous advocate for Niebuhr's views on the subject of early Roman History, but, unlike the learned German, he has a decided leaning against the commonality. Without detracting from the justly merited fame of Niebuhr, we cannot avoid feeling with Heeren, that both he and his followers have carried scepticism to an excess that nearly approaches dogmatism, and that we are sometimes called upon to doubt, with less reason than we were in former days called upon to believe. Mr. Keightley too, we must observe, should not have introduced party politics into a school-book, but he has offensively done so in the preface; and certainly in some passages, especially in the history of the Gracchi, he has given a colouring to the narrative not strictly warranted by evidence. The work however displays learning and research, but the style is artificial and cumbrous.

*'Buttman's Lexilogus.'*—The language of Greece in its epic infancy is examined in this excellent work with all the industry, learning and sagacity, that have rendered the name of Buttman dear to classical scholars, and each family of words is traced through every stage of the language, exhibiting the varying shades of meaning they receive in the lapse of time. This is a new system of investigation, and it removes many difficulties, and solves many problems which had previously baffled the ingenuity of ancient and modern critics.

*'Ritchie's Differential and Integral Calculus.'*—This is an excellent elementary treatise on the mathematics; it will enable junior pupils to study with ease a branch of science which hitherto could not be approached without a previous knowledge of almost every branch of pure mathematics, and was consequently a rare acquirement even with students in our universities. The style is simple and familiar, the examples selected with judgment, and the explanations satisfactory.

*List of New Books.*—The Elements of Latin Grammar, by Richard Hiley, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Kidd's London Ambulation, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Fowler's Plain Sermons, Vol. II. 12mo. 3s.—Cole's Art of Reading Greek, 12mo. 5s.—Le Bysn des James, new edit. 4to. 31s. 6d. pl.; 3d. col.—An introductory Latin Grammar for the use of Cheam School, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales, by the late Paul Chatfield, M.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Peter Parley's Tales of the Sea, square, 4s. 6d.—Bulwer's England and the English, 4th edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Hutton's Mathematics, new edit. (to be completed in 2 vols.) Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.—Bridge's Christian Ministry, 4th edit. 8vo. 6d.—The Christian Visitor, by the Rev. W. Jowett, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Perspective Rectified, or the Principles and Application Demonstrated, by Arthur Parsey, 4to. 12s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. LXXVI. (James's Lives of Foreign Statesmen, Vol. II.) 6s.—The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Hughes's Continuation of Hume and Smollett's England, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hume and Smollett's England, with Continuation, by Hughes, Vol. XIX. 8s. 6d.—Library for the Young, (The Elder Brother,) 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s.—Brougham's Discourse on Natural Theology, 4th edit. 8s.—A Full Abstract of the Highway Act, by H. Clarke, Solicitor, 12mo. 2s.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## ANNUAL METEORIC PHENOMENON.

OUR Transatlantic brethren have, for the last two or three years, indulged us with accounts of some most extraordinary meteoric appearances that have taken place in America about the middle of the month of November in each year, and generally on the same day. The phenomenon in question consists of a most brilliant display in the heavens of a great quantity of that class of meteors called *shooting stars*, which, during the whole of the night above alluded to, keep up a constant discharge, and illuminate the whole hemisphere. The most remarkable circumstance, however, attending this affair is, that the phenomenon always occurs on or about the same day of the month (namely, the 14th), and that the direction of the meteors is generally the same, which has induced many persons to imagine that it is connected with some extraneous body revolving round our globe. Mr. Baily, in the course of his correspondence with Sir John Herschel, noticed these remarkable statements, and requested Sir John to record any extraordinary appearances of this kind that might occur, during his residence at the Cape of Good Hope. The following is an extract from a letter which Mr. Baily has just received from that distinguished philosopher. "In all my sweeps in November I was on the look-out for shooting stars, viz. on the 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th and 18th. On the 13th, and especially on the day mentioned in your letter, I told Stone (my assistant) to keep a sharp look-out for them; his attention being disengaged whilst I was occupied at the telescope. He saw none. On the 14th, I still desired him to keep watch for them. The sweep commenced at 0h. sidereal time, and we went on till 4h. 8m. without his or my noticing any. At 4h. 8m. 19s. sidereal time, he called out, 'There goes the largest I ever saw.' It fell in azimuth north about  $\frac{1}{2}$  west perpendicularly. At 4h. 42m. 59s. he cried out again for another great one: this fell north, about 2 points east, not quite vertical, but rather inclining eastward. This was as large, he said, as Jupiter. At 4h. 46m. 39s. another great one, falling east of Jupiter, and still more obliquely, elicited another call. At 4h. 53m. 59s. I absolutely started from the eye-piece of the telescope, at the glare of a superb one which fell about 20° azimuth west of south, and obliquely. Stone thought that it lightened, though his back was to it, and it was hid from him by trees. It left a narrow, vivid, and distinctly crooked train, which lasted 20 seconds, and admitted of being steadily contemplated. This meteor was equal to Venus, at her brightest here: and I ought to mention that Venus here casts a strong shadow, in which all the most minute parts of objects, as the leaves of trees, &c. are perfectly well distinguished, not only against the white wall of a house, but on the ground. You may be sure that I shall look out again next 13th and 14th of November, should I still be here; though I can hardly suppose the thing to be more than an accidental coincidence: however, I have seen no considerable meteor since."

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—I have seen, in your paper (No. 428), a letter, upon a little book published by me, on the Educational Institutions of Germany. The writer of that letter seems to think the sum which I have taken as the average of remuneration for the masters of primary schools is too small. I, on the contrary, am inclined to believe that, as an average, it is quite high enough, and agree with you perfectly, that it is not, and cannot be, the object of any one who advocates the adoption of a system of general education, to take either masters or scholars out of their class. If, by superior genius, application, and good conduct, they raise themselves, let them have every facility, and meet with every reward; but it does not appear to me necessary that they should devote their whole youth to the study of education, nor an absolute consequence of their receiving no more than the sum I have stated, that they should teach their scholars from the window of their workshop. That sum would, as you observe, be fully sufficient, as an average, to remunerate a person brought up in the popular schools, and then passing through a normal

school, for teaching in a primary school during the few hours in the day which would be required at his hands. I say the few hours in the day, for neither in the manufacturing nor the agricultural districts could the labourer spare his children for a long period of daily study. The rest of his time the master could employ, as is the case almost uniformly both in Scotland and in Germany, in private teaching. In regard to the other observations contained in the letter I allude to, the writer's expressed opinions differ in no respect, that I can discover, from those that I have myself promulgated. I also have declared my belief that anything like compulsion can never be adopted in England; I also expressed my conviction that knowledge, to be valued, must be paid for; that the schools should at first be comparatively few, and the masters faithful and diligent, but *not over-learned*; and, therefore, on all these points, the writer agrees with the opinions expressed in my little book. Nevertheless, I wish it clearly to be understood, that I am bigoted to no theories, and that, with the exception of the great general basis, which I can never yield, that a general and uniform system of education is absolutely necessary for this country, and that it is the bounden duty of government to render that education as wise and good as possible, there is no theoretical opinion contained in that book which I am not prepared to change or modify upon conviction. The first letter was written under some small degree of indignation at the rash and headlong theories of others; and my view and hope was to excite to inquiry—to urge the government, or, better still, the people, to investigate calmly, thoroughly, and profoundly, the advantages to be gained from general education, and the best means of obtaining a uniform system for our own country. In reprinting the letters, I had the same object, and the same object only. My wish was to do good. I gain nothing whatever by the book; and though, to acquire the information therein contained, I devoted much valuable time, and spared no personal labour, I neither wish nor hope for the slightest remuneration. I am well contented, and well repaid, in having done a pleasant duty.

I have only farther to apologize for thus trespassing upon your time, to express a hope, that whenever occasion serves, you will press this important subject upon public attention, and to beg you to believe me,

Your most obedient servant,

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

We have deferred the publication of Mr. James's letter until we had space and leisure for a few words of comment. The subject is one of great importance, in which we feel almost a personal interest; and we are prepared to lend all the aid in our power in furtherance of any rational plan by which the subject might be brought advantageously before the country, and respectfully urged on the attention of parliament. But we are convinced, by experience, that until such plan is devised, and some well-organized body established, by means of which friends and well-wishers might co-operate, and labour to some direct and intelligible purpose, all discussion upon minor matters is worse than useless—it tends to disturb and distract public attention—to create a belief that we have only to devise how best to carry the measure into execution—whereas, long as the subject has been under consideration, by no one act of the legislature has even the principle been yet recognized. We readily admit, that of late Parliament has been fully occupied—nor do we see any probability that it is likely hereafter to be more at leisure;—but this proves only the greater necessity for immediate, general, and active co-operation on the part of those whose "still small voice" has been hitherto lost in the clamour of the more enterprising. Parliament, like individuals, necessarily directs attention to such measures as are most urgently and perseveringly brought before it; it therefore becomes those who agree with us as to the paramount importance of this question, to come forth from their quiet and their day-dreaming, and prove that they are something more than benevolent speculators—that they are practical men, prepared and able to carry forward a great measure with as much zeal and ability, as, in this country, has never yet been found wanting for the accomplishment of a good purpose. The only bond of union

should be, a recognition of the principle, that a *National System of Education is essential to the moral well-being of the country*. For ourselves, indeed, we do not hesitate to avow, that, looking to the wise and well-directed efforts of other governments, we believe such a system absolutely necessary to enable England to maintain its supremacy among civilized nations. All questions, however, relating to matters of detail, and to the best means of carrying the measure into operation, should be put aside, as possible points of difference, to be determined hereafter by persons authorized and required to consider the subject, to whom they might, with propriety, be submitted, and whose duty it would be to inform themselves of all the systems now in operation in Germany, France, America, and elsewhere. If, indeed, we might advise, we should say, let all persons who are agreed upon the fundamental principle—agreed that a National System of Education is essential to the happiness and well-being of the country—associate together, elect a Committee, subscribe to a general fund, available for general purposes, call on the country for support, and, having thus prepared themselves, proceed to bring the question before Parliament, in such manner and form as should be deemed advisable, and would best prove the moral power enrolled in favour of the measure.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Feb. 6.

THE literary topic of the last week has been the reception of M. Scribe, as Academician; a distinction which, however well earned and merited, was not attained without difficulty, envy, and opposition. Elevate a vaudevillist to the rank of Academician, to a place by the side of the classic dramatists, the grave historian, the purifiers and regulators of the language!—the thought was profanation. But as there remained no one to dispute the late vacancy with Scribe, save the dreamer, Ballanche, the Academy consented to admit the author of the 'Mariage de Raison' into its ranks. Scribe took his revenge by making his inauguration speech the vehicle of a delicate and ironic censure of the arrogance of these gentlemen. He did not attempt to excuse or swell the importance of the *petite comédie*, in which he excels: on the contrary, he attacked comedy altogether, whether grave or gay, great or little, and asserted, that, from Molière down, the comic writer had never given a faithful fiction of the age, but on the contrary, had portrayed it, in general, the reverse of what it really was. "No just idea of his time," M. Scribe said, "could be gleaned from any dramatic writer." I thought instantly of Mr. Mitchell, who pretends to derive from Aristophanes a true idea of Athenian life. "In the grave days of Louis XIV. comedy was light," said M. Scribe; "in the light and frivolous days of the early part of Louis XV., it was sentimental. Towards the latter end of his reign, when serious questions and thoughts began to agitate society, the drama became inane. The drama of the revolution was the contrary of the revolution; that of the empire—the reverse of the empire. To-day, he who would judge France from its drama, would imagine a race who delighted in nothing save incest and murder. No, gentlemen," said M. Scribe, "you must not pretend to raise comedy to such pre-eminence, by pretending that it has the truth of history, or can serve as a supplement to it. If you seek a species of literature which has historic worth, and which gives back the body of the time, its form, and pressure, at least in France, you must not look to comedy or the drama, but to songs and song-writers. It is in the *chansons* of the epochs that you will find the true spirit and portraiture of each age. Desangiers, Bouffiers, Colle, Beranger,—these are the great truth-tellers. If histories were all burned, the theatrical repertory could in nowise supply their places; whereas a collection of *chansonniers* would."

Such was the pith,—such the literary moral of M. Scribe's discourse. It piqued the Academicians hugely; and they knew not well whether to take it as *persiflage* or insult. Their delight was great, when Villain rose to reply, and began thus,—"Sir, your discourse has succeeded, just like one of your comedies; and you find here the same kind of applause, as that which greets you at the theatre." This was as much as to say, that Scribe aimed rather

at what was witty and brilliant, than what was just and true; and had reaped a suitable acknowledgment. Villemain then proceeded to refute Scribe's argument; he asserted, that Molière did throw light on the age of Louis XIV.; and the 'Marriage of Figaro' was worth a hundred songs, as a delineation of the manners of the epoch. But I must refer you to the speeches themselves, if you wish to enter more profoundly into the dispute.

They are as ugly and as common a looking pair as can well be seen, the *par noble*, Scribe and Villemain. Scribe is a very bourgeois, with his short thick countenance and black eye-brows. He has *roturier* written on his face, as on his comedies. And Villemain, though a peer, has the same stamped in broad and indelible characters on his countenance.

You will have, no doubt, seen the *exposé de motifs* prefixed, by the Minister of Public Instruction, to his new law, regulating *Secondary Instruction*, and introducing the principle of freedom and competition into education, hitherto a monopoly in France. It will, henceforward, be much more easy to set up a school than formerly, though there still remain many formalities, obstacles, and restrictions. Under all the affectation of liberality, however, with which the *projet* in question sets forth, it is easy to see, that M. Guizot's chief, though concealed object, is to give a more homely, more useful, and less exciting education to the youth of the middle classes, than is at present supplied by the Universities. "From the present system," says M. Guizot, "proceeds that deplorable perturbation of mind, which throws so many youths out of their natural sphere, which excites their imagination without strengthening their intellect, which impels them up to vain literary efforts, incumbers the professions with the idle though ambitious, and society with so many displaced, unquiet existences, which produce anxiety around them, and disappointment for themselves." I much fear that no law, short of an amendment upon human nature, will correct the ill here portrayed.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

As regards new books, it will be seen by our columns that the bulletin of last week would almost suffice for the present one. In the past seven days, too, we have not stumbled upon much promised novelty: we may mention, however, a few works in progress, and passing through the press. First of these is the Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which Mr. Bentley is about to collect and publish, by way of heralding his new edition of Walpole's Letters. The work will be edited by her Ladyship's great-grandson, Lord Wharfedale, and will be enriched by the addition of upwards of a hundred and twenty new letters; an account of the Court of George the First at his accession to the throne, by Lady Mary; and the state of parties, by Mr. Wortley Montagu. An original Memoir is likewise to be prefixed to this edition—suppressed passages to be restored, and names at length substituted for initials. Lord Braybrooke's 'History of Audley End, with Notices of the Town and Parish of Saffron Walden,' will be published about the middle of March. Of more ephemeral literature, we may say that Mr. Leitch Ritchie is to make Ireland the scene of his next picturesque wanderings; that Lieut. Slidel, the author of 'A Year in Spain,' has a continuation of that work in the press, entitled, 'Spain Revisited'—we hope this will prove better than his lucubrations on England; and that a new naval story (some of our readers will cry, "Another, yet another?") called 'Rattlin the Reefer,' and edited by Captain Marryat, is to be launched in the course of a few days.

We have heard some pleasant whispers of the world of Art. Wilkie, it is said, is preparing himself in triple strength for Somerset House: nor is Edwin Landseer idle; a fancy portrait of Lady Abercorn, yet unfinished, has been described to us as excellent in its easy and graceful air—we would have said *gentle*, but the word has gone out of repute. The Italian Opera, too, is to open this day week (so we are told) with 'La Straniera,' and 'Le Rossignol' (an odd title for a ballet), to introduce Mademoiselle St. Romain. Many novelties are promised: a host of dancers, whose names we do not remember—a

new grand historical ballet—and Mercadante's latest opera after Easter; the success of this work has yet, if we mistake not, to be proved at Paris. In the meantime, Bellini's 'Beatrice Tenda' is to be given. We ran hastily over the score of this opera an evening or two since, and cannot say that our expectations are raised by what we found. Why produce so much sickly and characterless music, when so many of Rossini's fresh and glorious works are left unperformed, or, at best, given imperfectly? We fear that the art will suffer by this too constant sacrifice to the *egotism* of the great singers.

The Italians seem to be imitating the Germans most diligently, for which we are rather sorry than otherwise, being great lovers of individuality. The present fashion, however, is very harmless, to wit, the publication of *Annuaire*, under the truly German, and to the uninitiated truly bewildering, title of *Almanachs*. In a late number of the 'Biblioteca Italiana' we have counted no less than eighteen such unnatural almanachs, each, of course, bearing a second distinctive title, and as various in their contents as in their designations; some being collections of miscellaneous contributions, others the production of a single writer, and as exclusive in their character.

At the last hour, and when too late to make inquiries upon the subject, we have read the announcement in the Paris papers of the death of Sir Wm. Gell, at Naples.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS, is open daily from 10 in the Morning till 5 in the Evening.—Admission free.—Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SHORTLY WILL BE CLOSED, at the Panorama, Leicester-square, the VIEW OF JERUSALEM, in consequence of its being purchased for Exhibition in America. This celebrated picture, which has been a greater favourite with the public than any that has been exhibited for many years, displays all the holy stations in and about the spot which was the cradle of the true faith. The view of ancient Thebes, with its relics of 4,000 years, will remain. The Galleries are warmed by Nott's patent stoves.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 22.—Sir John Barrow in the chair.—Three further communications regarding Arctic Expeditions were read; viz. from Sir John Franklin, Sir John Barrow, and Captain Beaufort; and a paper was begun 'On the Western Coast of Arabia, from Ras Mahommed to Djidda,' communicated by Lieutenant Wellsted, of the Indian Navy, through the medium of the Bombay Geographical Society.

1. Sir John Franklin explained in detail his plan for an expedition to examine the north-eastern extremity of the American Continent, by way of Wager River, Hudson's Bay. He observed, that the Esquimaux information received by Sir Edward Parry, Captain Ross, and Captain Back, agreed in representing Regent's Inlet as here approaching very near Hudson's Bay. The intervening distance, at Wager Inlet, did not probably exceed 40 miles, and it might be much less. The narrowest places seemed to be about Douglas Harbour, or Savage Sound; but this could be easily ascertained on the spot. Two vessels, therefore, leaving England in June, could easily reach this point by the latter end of August; and if provided with light boats, and a sufficient supply of pemmican and other requisite stores, could transport these across the Isthmus with more or less facility, as it might happen. Arrived on the shore of Regent's Inlet, according to the season of the year in which this was accomplished, the expeditions along the coast might either at once be organized, or the boats and stores could be housed and kept in safety till the proper season should arrive. In winter there would be little danger of their being disturbed by Esquimaux; but they would require to be protected from wild animals. Two boating expeditions should be organized—one along the eastern shore of the Inlet, towards Fury and Hecla Strait, to survey that; the other along the southern coast, towards Back's River. Both should consist of two boats, with two officers and six men each; though, as little is to be apprehended from the Esquimaux in this direction, one boat might be ventured. According to this plan, at least the south-eastern extreme of Regent's Inlet would be fully determined; and if Boothia really prove to be an island, and a passage to the westward exist south of it, the coast might be followed even to Point Turn-

again;—but otherwise a portage across the Isthmus connecting Boothia with the main, would be requisite before this could be effected. The point most desirable to be attained, however, viz. the general configuration of the land in this direction, would be, in some manner, determined even by the knowledge of this fact; and if greater precision were required, it might be obtained either by launching the boats, as above hinted, across this portage, or by acting on Dr. Richardson's plan, previously detailed, and coming to it from the westward. Sir John Franklin's own impression, however, is, that there is a passage in this direction; so that the obstacle in question, to complete success by this line, would not be encountered.

2. Sir John Barrow began with expressing his willingness to comply with the request of the Committee, that he should state his opinions at length, on the existence and practicability of a north-west passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; previous to which, however, he would briefly allude to the great interest of the question, and the circumstances on which this interest is founded.

Ever since the discovery of the New World, a route in this direction round it has been anxiously sought by England; and some of her most important acquisitions, and the names most distinguished in her maritime annals, have been thus called into notice. Successive sovereigns have patronized the inquiry, and successive parliaments have voted large sums for its prosecution. The question has thus become, in every sense, a national one; and an obligation has been contracted to persevere in the attempt to solve it, so long as any hope remains of success.

The inquiry then, now resolves itself into these three queries—"Does this hope still exist?" "If so, on what does it rest?" and, "How comes it that it has been so long deferred?" From the glance at the past which this last question involves, may be drawn instruction for the future.

That this hope still exists, need not be argued, for it is proved by the appearance together of so many valuable communications, in which further attempts at making this discovery is recommended; and in showing on what it rests, it is unnecessary now to revert to the arguments in favour of the *existence* of a passage by sea in this direction, which were admitted to be conclusive when the interest felt in the subject was revived 18 years ago. Its *practicability* is the only real question at this time; and this also seems fully proved by the constancy of the current setting from west to east along this coast, arguing a permanent supply, and comparatively unobstructed issue—the great number of points along the shore, from which an open sea has been here seen—and the extent, embracing very nearly the whole line, over which these points are distributed. There wants, in truth, but the mere inlet from the Atlantic to be determined; and how has this been so long missed?—The experimental nature of the several voyages which have been made in search of it has been the chief reason. The season during which ships can act in these latitudes is so short, that each has been fully occupied in making only one attempt; a continued examination of a considerable line of coast has been out of the question; and the experience gained by each successive expedition has thus been rather negative than positive in all cases; certainly, though very slowly, narrowing the ground for future inquiry, by multiplying the points in which the passage has been ascertained not to exist. The first voyage, indeed, can scarcely be said even to have done this, for it would have led into serious future errors, had not the second in command succeeded in persuading the Admiralty, that the bottom of Lancaster Sound was not proved by it to be closed. The second voyage demonstrated the correctness of this opinion, but the course subsequently shaped in it led among a group of islands, by which further passage to the westward was in that parallel barred. The third attempted to accomplish the desired object in a lower latitude, but was there arrested by the strength and steadiness of the current, and the quantity of loose ice packed by it on the western side of the discovered passage. The fourth and fifth (under Capt. Ross) went down Regent's Inlet; but, by hugging its western shore too closely, both sustained damage between it and the ice, and were thus unable to pro-



ceed, even in that direction, so far as appearances otherwise lead us to believe that they might. The truth is, however, that the most probable line of passage is not in this direction, but beyond the western land which incloses it. The west coast of this, Captain James Ross found to stretch in a direction nearly north and south, towards a head-land, seen by Parry in his first voyage, and called by him Cape Walker, and round this, accordingly, the passage seems now almost demonstrated to exist.

A new expedition, therefore, proceeding on this errand, would have two important advantages over the others. By being later in date, it would have the accumulated experience of them all, showing the direction in which it should proceed:—and it would also have the issue of the same experience to counsel it to keep from the land, and trust rather to the main ice at a distance from it for security. Every succeeding expedition has shown that, by approaching the land, danger is unnecessarily incurred, and a longer detention in spring is entailed, than by keeping out to sea; while the recent example of the whalers in Baffin's Bay further shows, that there is no real danger in this latter manœuvre. With the aid of both lessons, believing, as Sir John Barrow fully does, in the existence and practicability of the passage in question, he has scarcely the least doubt that one more expedition would accomplish its discovery; and thereby secure the glory of its achievement, not only to our own country, but also to our own times, in which so warm an interest has been manifested in the adventure.

3. Captain Beaufort entirely agreed with Sir John Barrow as to the natural interest attached to the discovery of this passage; and thought that there would even be "intolerable disgrace" if, after all that England has done towards narrowing the field of investigation, it were first actually traversed by a foreign flag. At the same time, he was of opinion that this question was a national, rather than a geographical one; and that, with whatever grace it might be urged on the attention of His Majesty's government by individuals, the Geographical Society, as a body, should look rather to the completion of the coast-line of the American Continent. For this reason he thought Sir John Franklin's plan the best; and he would urgently exhort the Council to recommend it with their whole influence to the favourable consideration of His Majesty's Ministers.

4. Mr. Wellsted's Memoir 'On the Western Coast of Arabia,' the reading of which having been little more than begun, we reserve our analysis of it for a future occasion.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary of the Society was held on the 19th inst.

The chair was taken by Mr. Lyell, the President, at one o'clock, and, the usual forms having been gone through, the Secretaries read the reports of the Council on the general state of the Society, and of the Auditors on the accounts for the past year.

The President then announced, that the Wollaston medal had been awarded to M. Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, for his work on Fossil Ichthyology, and the sum of 25*l.* also from the Wollaston Donation Fund, to M. Deshayes, to promote his labours in Fossil Conchology.

On presenting the medal to Mr. Broderip to transmit to his friend M. Agassiz, the President said, "On a former occasion the proceeds of the Donation Fund for one year were presented to the same distinguished naturalist, to assist him in the publication of the early part of his great work, the importance of which was then only beginning to be known. It will ever be a subject of congratulation to us to have learned, that this small pecuniary aid was not without its influence in accelerating the publication of his researches on fossil fishes, arriving, as it did, at a moment when the funds which could be appropriated for the undertaking were nearly exhausted. M. Agassiz acknowledged at the time his obligation for a mark of sympathy and regard, received so unexpectedly from a foreign country, and which cheered and animated him to fresh exertions. You will have the kindness to acquaint him, that the Council, in now awarding the medal, are desirous that he should possess a lasting testimony of their esteem, and of the high sense which they entertain of the merit of his scientific labours."

The president then delivered the donation awarded to M. Deshayes, to Mr. De la Beche, the Foreign Secretary, and in doing so said, "I beg you will express to M. Deshayes, how highly we appreciate the services which he has already rendered to geology, by his descriptions of the fossil shells of the strata above the chalk, to which he has chiefly, although not exclusively, devoted his attention, and we rejoice to hear that he is now engaged in the investigation of the fossil shells of the older formations. We are not ignorant that he has prosecuted his scientific studies with zeal and enthusiasm, under circumstances of considerable difficulty; and we trust the notice thus taken of his labours may encourage him to persevere in devoting the powers of his mind, and his great acquirements, to a department of science so eminently subservient to the advancement of Geology."

Thanks were then voted to the retiring Vice Presidents, and Members of the Council, and on the balloting glasses having been duly closed the scrutineers announced, that the following gentlemen had been elected the Officers and Council for the ensuing year. President, C. Lyell, Esq.; Vice Presidents, Rev. W. Buckland, D.D., Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart. M.P., George Bellas Greenough, Esq., and Edward Turner, M.D.; Secretaries, W. J. Hamilton, Esq., Woodbine Parish, Esq.; Foreign Secretary, H. T. De la Beche, Esq.; Treasurer, J. Taylor, Esq. Council: F. Baily, Esq., W. J. Broderip, Esq., W. Clift, Esq., Sir A. Crichton, M.D., W. H. Fitton, M.D., H. Hallam, Esq., Robert Hutton, Esq., R. I. Murchison, Esq., Viscount Oxmantown, J. F. Royle, Esq., Rev. Professor Sedgwick, Lieut.-Col. Sykes, Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P., and the Rev. W. Whewell.

During the morning meeting, and the adjourned meeting in the evening, Mr. Lyell delivered his annual address, containing an obituary of those Fellows who died during the year, and who had distinguished themselves in geological researches; and a review of the memoirs read before the Society since the last anniversary.

Feb. 24.—Mr. Lyell, President, in the chair.

The first communication read at this meeting, gave an account of the discovery of fossil shells in a portion of the new red sandstone series at Collyhurst, near Manchester. With the exception of the organic remains found in the magnesian limestone, the new red sandstone series of England has hitherto proved almost destitute of organic remains; but the authors of the paper, Mr. J. Leigh, and Mr. C. W. Binney, of Manchester, have lately obtained from a deposit of marl, which they consider as belonging to the upper part of this series, a vast number of casts of bivalves, and nearly perfect small univalves.—A collection of the fossils accompanied the paper.

A series of observations transmitted to Mr. Offley Martin, by Col. Brown, and Lieut. Lawrence, of the Rifle Brigade, and by Mr. Stevens, on the streams of sea water constantly flowing into the land near Argostoli, in Cephalonia, was then read. These observations were made previously to those laid before the Society in December last, by Mr. Strickland, but the facts stated respecting the constant influx of the streams, and their passage beneath the surface, are the same in both communications. Col. Brown also accounts for the consumption of the water, by supposing that it is conveyed to the regions of volcanic fires; and that the earthquakes so frequently felt on the island, may be owing to the gases generated by the contact of the water with the igneous matter.

A paper by Col. Sykes was afterwards read, on the structure of the cliffs from Ballybunian, to Lick Castle, on the coast of Kerry. The chief object of the author in laying this notice before the Society, was to call attention to a part of Ireland seldom visited by geologists, but which he considers as highly deserving of their attention; and as affording fine opportunities for studying the property, which various rocks possess, of dividing into rhombic masses.

A paper by Sir Alexander Crichton was afterwards read, on the geological position of the vegetable remains found in the sandstone, which underlies the mountain limestone in the county of Sligo. The bed in which the remains occur rests upon gneiss, but the author is of opinion, that it cannot be assigned to a period anterior to the old red sandstone.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—Mr. Porter in the chair. Five gentlemen were proposed as candidates for admission into the Society, and the report of the Auditors was presented and laid upon the table, as were also various presents, received since the preceding meeting.

The paper read was a partial analysis, by Woronzow Greig, Esq., of a work lately published, entitled 'Specchio Geografico e Statistico dell' Impero di Marocco,' by Count Jacopo Gräberg di Hemsö, who resided six years in the capital of that empire, as Consul for the Kings of Sweden and Sardinia.

After some preliminary observations, the analysis went on to state, that the countries composing Moghrib-ul-Acsa, (which signifies the extreme west,) cover a surface of 24,379 square leagues, or about 220,000 square miles, with a sea-coast on the Mediterranean extending from Twunt to Cape Spartel 270 miles, and on the shore of the Atlantic 560 miles from Cape Spartel to Cape Agoulon.\*

Tetuan is the only harbour, or rather roadstead, (for strictly speaking there is no such thing as a harbour on the coast of Morocco,) on the Mediterranean shore, but that of the Atlantic is better furnished. The most frequented of its roadsteads, and, at the same time, those to which the commerce with European vessels is restricted, being Tangier, El Araish, Rabbat, Dar-el-beida, Mazagan, Safi, and Mogadore.

According to the estimate of Count Gräberg, founded on the reports received from persons who had long resided in the country, and verified by his own observation, the distribution of the population in the different divisions of the empire, should be as follows:—

#### Population.

	Inhabitants.	Sq. leag.
Kingdom of Fas or Fez .....	3,200,000	9553
..... Morocco .....	3,600,000	5709
Tafilt and Sigelmessa .....	700,000	3184
Al Draha and Sus .....	1,000,000	5633

Total ..... 8,500,000 24,379

which gives 349 individuals to the square league.

The towns are stated to be neither numerous nor populous:—

Morocco, containing only 30,000 inhabitants.	
Mekinez.....	50,000
Fas or Fez.....	89,000

There are three other towns, with from 20 to 30,000 inhabitants; two from 15,000 to 20,000; five from 10,000 to 15,000, and six from 5,000 to 10,000.

The following is the ethnographical distribution of the people of this empire, as regards their origin, their language, and their manners, according to the statement of M. Gräberg.

<b>Amazighs.</b>	Berebbers and Tuaricks .....	2,300,000
	Shellöechs .....	1,450,000
	Moors, and mixed Arabs .....	3,550,000
	Bedouin, and other pure Arabs .....	740,000
	Jews .....	339,500
	Negroes of Soudan, Mandan- goes, &c. ....	120,000
<b>Europeans.</b>	Christians .....	300
	Renegades .....	200
	Total .....	8,500,000

The Berebbers and Tuaricks live upon the produce of their flocks and the chase, and rear many bees. They dwell in tents, and sometimes even in caves, situated in remote and inaccessible places, where they preserve their primitive independence; more than two millions of them, it is said, yielding obedience only to their own chiefs or elders. The Shellöechs, on the contrary, derive their sustenance principally from agricultural pursuits, and from various branches of industry, which they even turn

\* Walcknaer gives the extent of surface of this empire as low as 130,000 square geographical miles; and Captain Washington, R.N., in an interesting paper published in the first volume of the Journal of the Geographical Society, states it at 150,000; which is probably as near the truth as can be ascertained, in a country whose southern boundary is undefined.

† There is much discrepancy in the number of the population assigned to this country by different authors; but from the latest sources of information, and the reports of the most recent travellers, we should be induced to rate the population at least one-third lower than M. Gräberg. Mr. Jackson estimates it at 14,886,000. Host, (Danish Consul, 1769 to 1798) .. 6,000,000. Chénier, (French Charge d'Affaires) .. 6,000,000. Capt. Washington, R.N. .... 5,500,000. Balbi .. 4,500,000.

to profitable account in European commerce: they dwell in towns and villages. The Moors, who, next to the Amazighs, form the most numerous part of the population, derive their importance from their great wealth. They fill the highest offices in the state, constitute the bulk of the army, and carry on exclusively an intercourse with Europeans; but their character is stated to be bad in every respect. The Bedouins, and other pure Arabs, lead, as it is well known, an erratic life, dwelling in tents or huts, and living chiefly by pastoral, rarely by agricultural, pursuits. The Jews are here, as elsewhere, a proscribed race; they are confined to certain districts, but reside for the most part in sea-port towns and villages, employed in commerce, or as artisans and interpreters; and through their agency all intercourse with foreigners is carried on. The Soudan Negroes are for the most part slaves. They constitute the Sultan's guard, which forms the best part of the armed force of the country. The Renegades are of two classes—namely, *it'si*, or proselytes, who have renounced the Christian faith, and *Aslami*, or neophyte Mussulmans, who have abandoned that of the Jews. Of the former, composed of natives of almost every nation in Europe, excepting Swedes, Danes, and Prussians, the number is small, and daily decreasing; but the latter is on the increase.

The only Christians in Morocco are foreigners, being the consuls of foreign states, merchants, artisans, and their servants. A few emigrants from Spain and other countries, live in Tangier, Tetuan, El Araish, and Mogadore. Their residence is restricted to these places; and they are at all times treated with great rigour, owing to the fanatic zeal of the Sultan, and the jealousy of the Moors.

The cultivation of the land is chiefly pursued by the Moors and Arabs. The only trees upon which any care is bestowed, are the olive, date, palm, lemon, orange, apple, and pear. Speaking of agriculture, M. Gräber states that wheat is the grain cultivated most extensively, and that it is of a quality equal to any produced in Europe. It yields a return of twenty-five for one. Barley is only used as food by the Moors in times of scarcity, but it is exclusively consumed by cattle and poultry, as in the southern parts of Europe. It yields generally from twenty to thirty fold. The province of Sus produces the best quality. Next to wheat, *durrah* (*sorghum*, or millet,) is the most extensively cultivated grain in the empire, where it forms the principal article of food for the lower orders. It yields 140 fold. Indian corn, or maize, is grown chiefly along the sea coast and in the southern provinces, and forms almost entirely the food of the slaves. Its produce is often 300 fold. Rye, which grows in the western interior provinces in great abundance, is the only grain allowed to be exported. It is of little value, and rarely used as food by man. The stalk of the whole of these grains is burnt on the ground for manure. Rice is produced in the western provinces only, but so bad in quality, that the supply for the Sultan and his court is imported from the United States of America. Calavances are the vegetable most generally cultivated, but other vegetables, of various sorts, grow in abundance. Potatoes, which have been introduced from England or France, thrive in the northern provinces, but degenerate after a second or third crop, so that renewal of seed is necessary. There are also many other roots, to which the Moors and Arabs have recourse for their subsistence in times of scarcity. A variety of fruits, as well as aromatic and spicy plants, are produced in plenty.

The plough is somewhat like that used in Italy, and is most frequently drawn by an ox, ass, or a bull, coupled with a horse; but M. Gräber mentions that when quadrupeds have been scarce, he has seen a *young female*, nearly in a state of nudity, dragging the plough, yoked with an ass or some other animal, and goaded like them with the iron-tipped rod generally used by the ploughman. Drainage being unknown in this country, the lands to be cultivated are usually selected where there is a sufficient slope or inclination to carry off the heavy rains. Drill husbandry is also unknown, the seed, when put into the ground, being covered by the husbandman with the spade or harrow. Irrigation is confined to gardens, and the water for this purpose is procured from wells. The grain is threshed on the fields where it grows, by cattle treading it on floors laid

with clay for [the] purpose; it is then winnowed by fans or tossing in the air. In this state it is sold, or kept in subterranean granaries, where, protected from moisture, it may be preserved for years. In the towns, mills are worked by camels or horses; but elsewhere the grain is ground in hand-mills by women. An attempt to introduce wind and water-mills did not succeed. The labour of the fields is performed by the peasant and his family; hired labour is unknown, and on urgent occasions neighbouring peasants render each other mutual assistance.

Flax is said to have been tried with success, but to no extent. Hemp, tobacco, and Al'hennah, a herb producing yellow dye, much used by the women, grow in abundance. Olives are cultivated but negligently throughout the empire; the largest plantations are near the city of Mekinez. The soap-manufactures of Marseilles were formerly supplied with olive oil from Morocco; and as the injudicious law prohibiting its exportation has been repealed, attention will, no doubt, be again directed to so valuable a branch of commerce. The quantity of oil produced annually from the *Elaeodendron argan*, or oil tree, amounts to about two thousand quintals—being about the twentieth part of the produce of the olives when exportation was permitted. There are vast forests of fine timber in Morocco, which are found chiefly skirting the chain of Mount Atlas, and other mountainous ranges.

It is impossible to leave the subject of agriculture, without noticing the locusts, which insects multiply in a ratio almost incredible. It is said that one female deposits 700,000 eggs in the sand, which are developed and brought to light in a short time. At first these insects crawl, but soon acquire wings, and consequently increased power of destruction in their desolating progress over the land. They are eaten by the Moors, as they are by the Bushmen and wild Hottentots in Southern Africa.

In a country where the land susceptible of cultivation does not exceed one fourth part of the surface, and much of the other three parts consists of rich pasturage, we may naturally expect to find the majority of the people less agricultural than pastoral, and this is the case in the empire of Morocco.

In regard to cattle and domestic animals, the sheep are the most important, both as to number and value. They are computed at forty or forty-five millions, of which no less than 700,000 are slaughtered annually at the grand festival of the sacrifice, called A'id-ul-kebbir, on the 10th of the month Dzi-l-heggia, the last day of the Mussulman year. On this occasion every male above the age of twenty years is required to slaughter with his own hands one or more sheep, according to his means, and the number of his family. The quality of the wool, especially in the provinces of Temensa and Blad-Meskeen, is very fine, and superior indeed to that of Europe. It is exported from Rabbat and Salee, and the produce of the provinces of Shedma, Tedla Abda, and Ducalla, which is the most abundant, from Mogadore. The amount exported, however, does not exceed 40,000 stone annually.

The goat ranks next to the sheep in number and value. Of this animal there are from ten to twelve millions, and they contribute to a variety of useful domestic purposes, particularly as the cows yield but little milk, which is the case in all warm countries where they are not artificially fed. The number of camels is estimated at half a million, and, as is well known, they form an important article in the wealth of an Arab. The number of horses is computed at 400,000, and they are not allowed to be exported, except as an especial favour. The asses amount to two millions, while the mules are in still greater number, and a good mule is more valued than even

a good horse. As dogs are never put to death in this country, they necessarily exist in noxious numbers, although the scanty provision of the natives leaves them but little to spare for their dogs. It is confidently asserted that these animals are never affected with hydrophobia, either in Northern Africa, or in any Mohammedan country; but, though they escape, mules, it is said, are subject to this disease in Magh'reb-el-acsa.

A transcript, by Mr. Abbott, from one of the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum (No. 153, fol. 55), communicated to the Society by Mr. Hallam, was laid upon the table.

It contained a return of the number of communicants, non-communicants, and recusants, in part of the county of Lancashire, A.D. 1613: such returns, generally for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the Roman Catholics, were frequently called for by the government in those times.

Mr. Abbott gave additional interest to this document, by inserting a statement of the population of the parishes in 1831; for, if all the adults are included in the three divisions above stated, as they naturally should be, it will only be necessary to add something more than a third for non-adults, in order to form a comparison of the population at the two periods—viz. 1613 and 1813; and, as might be expected from the different circumstances of North and South Lancashire, the augmentation will appear to be in very unequal proportions.

The proportion of communicants to the population of a parish, is shown from this and other documents to have been much greater than at present. But the reception of the Sacrament was, in a considerable degree, compulsory at that time; its refusal being a test of recusancy and disaffection.

The following brief abstract of the returns themselves will afford the best illustration of what has been here stated in reference to their details:—

	Total Population in 1831.	Communicants.	Non-Communicants.	Recusants.
In the Parishes of Lancaster, Heysham, Halton, Whittington, Tunstall, Mellings, Tatham, Cockerham, Warton, & Kellett	2,928	1,217	28	92
Chapelry of Farnworth	6,000			8
Parishes of Manchester, Flixton, and Eccles	15,575	1,217	28	92
Hayland Parish	ib.	certif.	15	57
Pennywortham	ib.	ib.	1	5
Chorley	ib.	ib.	0	45
Hayton	733	18	60	
Shepton	693	1	109	
Prescot	28,084	2,035	30	202
Childwall (Childwall)	7,706	645	33	73
Deane	ib.	not certif.	9	9
Halley Chapel	ib.	95	9	16
Walton Parish and Chapel	22,575	2,297	113	60
Wynwill Parish	ib.	not certif.	20	50
Leigh	ib.	ib.	11	25
Warrington	ib.	ib.	26	36
Wigan	ib.	ib.	160	124
Preston	ib.	ib.	690	70
Broughton	ib.	ib.	414	20
Whittingham	ib.	ib.	0	44
Goosugh	ib.	ib.	34	163
Kirkham Parish	ib.	ib.	0	173
St. Michael upon Weire	ib.	ib.	77	60
Woodplumpton Chapelry	ib.	ib.	65	37
Parishes and Chapelrys within the Hundred of Blackburn	ib.	ib.	436	163
Broughton in Furness	1,400	0	0	0
Pennington	137	0	0	0
Dalton (in Furness)	2,097	1,300	0	14
Boulton	ib.	not certif.	0	15
Hallam	ib.	ib.	0	49
Northmells	ib.	ib.	6	4
Standsish	ib.	ib.	93	60
Vulverstone (Ulverstone)	7,741	1,000	0	0
Urawick	732	279	0	0
Kerbie Irish	3,234	409	0	0
Aldingham (Aldingham)	884	562	0	2
Croston	6,278	1,324	138	22
Totals	26,164	2,403	2,013	

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—The first public meeting for the session took place on Monday, and was numerously attended. Among others present, were Lords Melbourne, Harrowby, Lansdowne, the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and several of the Bishops. Sir Henry Hallford read a paper 'On the Deaths of several Philosophers of the two last Centuries.'

2 This is somewhat at variance with Capt. Washington's statement, wherein he says—"But we cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary capabilities of the soil; for the foot of Atlas to the shores of the Atlantic, one vast corn plain. Give but direction to the waters, which are not wanting, and abundance would speedily follow. It is mortifying to see such blessings spurned by a bigoted and fanatic government—land covered with weeds that might give food to millions."

3 We have heard of a recent English traveller in Morocco who was offered a sum equivalent to five pounds English, for the mere privilege he had obtained to export a horse.



**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Feb. 1.—A letter was read from M. C. J. Schonhen, of Skara, in Sweden. Numerous exhibitions of the ravages of insects were made, and remedies suggested for their prevention. The president exhibited the nest of the White Ant or Termitis, being the first specimen brought to this country. It was of small size, but sometimes reaches the height of ten or twelve feet. Several spherical case fuzes destroyed by the wood-ant of Barbadoes, were also shown, from the collection of the United Service Museum, to which collection they had been forwarded by Lieut.-Col. Birch. The following memoirs were read: 1. Monograph of the hemipterous genus *Myocoris*, by Dr. H. Burmeister, of Berlin, For. M.E.S. 2. Notice of the mode of proceeding adopted by the larvæ of the *Sirex Juvenens* in burrowing through the stems of fir-trees, by W. Sells, Esq. M.D. 3. Description of a larva of *Blaps mortisuga*, stated to have been voided by a child three months old, by A. H. Haldy, Esq. M.A. 4. Description of a new genus of dipterous insects from New South Wales, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. 5. On the habits of the Turnip Fly, with experiments in illustration thereof, by T. S. 6. Notice of the capture of a Locust (*Locusta Migratoria*), near Ardmore in Ireland, in September last, by Miss M. Ball, of Youghal.

At the Anniversary Meeting, on the 25th January, it was announced that the council had resolved, that the subject of the prize essays for the ensuing year should be, the Coccus of the Pine Apple; the prize essays to be accompanied by testimonials of the success of the remedies proposed by the writers.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.**—Feb. 9.—The Illustration was on Papier Maché by Mr. J. Rofe, who commenced the subject by a short account of its application to the internal decoration of houses in the last century, and afterwards exhibited some very beautiful specimens. He explained the manufacture of ornaments made by Mr. Bielefeld, which, he stated, had been introduced into the present House of Lords, and the Pantheon, &c. He explained in detail the process of making the paper trays, tables, vases, &c., as carried on at Birmingham, from which it appeared that even a common paper tray requires six weeks for its manufacture, during which it has to pass daily through the hands of the workman. Mr. R. then explained the nature of the manufacture of trays and other articles from waste silk and cotton. It appears from his statement, that the waste silk of the French throwsters is imported into this country to the extent of 40,000lb. weight per month, and, after being boiled to extract a gummy matter, it is carded and spun into a strong and useful thread. In the process of spinning, there is again a refuse, and this refuse of the waste silk is made use of in the manufacture of the articles he was treating of. During the illustration, many specimens of the articles described, in the various stages of their manufacture, were exhibited; also some beautiful and elegantly finished goods, particularly paper vases, which it was scarcely possible for the eye to distinguish from China.

At the meeting of the Society on the following evening (Wednesday), various reports from the committee of mechanics were read, on fire escapes, new methods of lighting mines, floating rope, life buoys and chain cables. Among the presents reported, were a collection of papier maché ornaments, which Mr. Rofe alluded to in his address on the previous night, from Mr. Bielefeld.

**ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, OXFORD, Feb. 19.**—The Treasurer made his annual report of the state of the Society's funds.

The President, Professor Wilson, read a paper, entitled 'Notes on the India of Ctesias.' The object of this communication was to investigate the circumstances which had given origin to the many marvellous stories related of India by that writer, and to show that they had probably been derived from the country to which they referred, being founded partly upon facts, and partly upon erroneous reports of mythological legends and sculptures. The paper divided the observations of Ctesias into two classes, those concerning the country and its inhabitants, and those concerning its natural history. Under the former, the writer attempted to prove that the extent, climate, and population of India, and the character of the people, were, in several respects, accurately described; that the notion of a people of pigmies was,

in part, founded upon an imperfect acquaintance with the aborigines of India, the barbarous tribes still numerous in the forests and mountains of various districts; and, in part, upon mythological beings believed by the Hindus to exist;—and that, in like manner, the other monstrous races of men, with dogs' heads and tails, one leg, no heads, were referable, partly to the Hindu Pantheon, and partly to the mountaineers inhabiting the country on the north of the Hindu Koosh and Himalaya. Under the second head, or that of Natural History, the writer showed that, amidst many fabulous accounts, there were traces of accurate information, and that the cattle, some of the birds, the lac insect, the indigo plant, and the bambu, were evidently intended by the accounts given of them; whilst, in other instances, as in the martichora and the unicorn, the characteristics of more than one animal had been blended together, and embellished with features derived from the monsters of sculpture, Hindu or Persian. In the course of the paper, the etymological explanations of the Indian names which occur in Ctesias, conjectured by former orientalists, were shown for the most part to be unfounded, and others drawn from the Sanscrit language were proposed.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Artists' Conversation .....	Eight.
MON.	Institute of British Architects .....	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Lect. on Sculpture) .....	Eight.
	Linnean Society .....	Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society .....	One.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Seven.
WED.	Society of Arts .....	p. Seven.
	Artists and Amateurs' Conversation .....	Eight.
	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Lect. on Painting) .....	Eight.
	Zoological Society .....	Three.
FRID.	Royal Institution .....	p. Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; and THE JEWESS. On Monday, OTHELLO; and a New Grand Chivalric Entertainment, entitled CHIEF CHASE. Tuesday, THE PROVOKED HUSBAND; with THE BRONZE HORSE. Wednesday, A Grand Selection of MUSIC. Thursday, THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

GRAND FESTIVAL OF SACRED MUSIC at EXETER HALL. For the CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

The COMMITTEE have the honour to announce the following arrangements, and to state that the most distinguished Musical Amateurs have kindly offered their valuable assistance. The Orchestra will be upon the most extensive scale, and the Band and Chorus will consist of about Six Hundred Performers. Conductor, Sir George Smart.—Leader, Mr. Cramer.

Superintendent of the Chorus, Mr. Travers. 1st Grand Rehearsal, Thursday, 14th April.

1st Performance, Friday, 15th April.

Consisting of a Selection from Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON, including all the Choruses, and a Miscellaneous Selection.

2nd Grand Rehearsal, Tuesday, 19th April.

2nd Performance, Wednesday, 20th April.

Consisting of Handel's Oratorio, ISRAEL IN EGYPT, and a Miscellaneous Selection.

3rd Grand Rehearsal, Thursday, 21st April.

3rd Performance, Friday, 22nd April.

Consisting of Handel's Oratorio, THE MESSIAH.

The Doors to be opened at Seven, and the Performance to commence at Eight o'clock in the Evening precisely.

Tickets for each Rehearsal, 10s. 6d.—For each Performance, 12. 6d.

Reserved Seats, 12. 6d.

To be obtained at the principal Music Shops, and of the Committee at the Board Room of the Hospital.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—We have rarely attended a performance more thoroughly brilliant and satisfactory, and expect much from a series thus triumphantly commenced. It is needless for us here to descant upon the Sinfonia by Beethoven, (No. 7.) which stands at the head of the programme; "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale" such music, and we enjoy it more intimately and thoroughly at every fresh hearing. The scena, 'Di primavera,' from 'Des Falkner's Braut,' which followed, is one of Marschner's happiest songs, but it still wants the freshness, and nature, and genius, which raise a work above the clever; and its elaborate accompaniment taxed the singer most heavily. Though Mrs. Bishop executed it in perfect style, and without apparent failure of energy, she could not but be harassed by having to make her voice tell in the midst of, or rather above, such a complication of instruments. The same remark will apply to the duet from 'Jes-sonda,' 'Ah facciammo,' which she afterwards sung with Mrs. E. Seguin. We cannot too highly praise Moscheles' performance of Beethoven's magnificent Concerto (in F flat); we may have listened to the work, but we never heard it before; the delicacy, the energy, the graceful, yet dignified ease of manner,

which it requires, were all admirably combined in his playing, and the result was the most complete success. The first act was closed by a new overture of Mendelssohn's 'Meeresstille'; or, it ought rather to be called a descriptive symphony in two movements, written upon a ballad by Goethe. It is next to impossible, adequately to judge this picture-music on a first hearing; and on Monday, the words of the poem not being given, (they should never be withheld on such occasions, in justice to the composer,) the audience was perplexed rather than pleased, and the attention kept so unrelentingly on the stretch to discover the significance of the composition, that much of its beauty, which is great and various, escaped. We hope to be permitted further opportunities of amending our judgment. In the second act we have less to particularize; though it contained Haydn's Sinfonia, (No. 9,) and his quartet, with 'God preserve the Emperor,' very beautifully played by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley; but, as music of this choicest character, when performed by such masters of their several instruments, can bear, nay demands, the strictest possible criticism, we must not be written down splenetic or fastidious for saying, that the theme of the slow movement was not felt in its full devotional elevation, and that the effect upon the ear was cold compared with what it might have been. Mrs. A. Shaw was unanimously encored in Cherubini's noble 'O salutaris';—it is long since a richer, sweeter voice, or more thoroughly classical style of singing, were heard in the Hanover Square Rooms; she is rapidly advancing to the highest place in her profession. The quartet from 'Idomeneo,' 'Andrò ramingo,' in which the three ladies were joined by Mr. Horncastle, was followed by the overture to 'Euryanthe,' which closed the concert. Mr. F. Cramer was leader, and Sir G. Smart conductor for the evening.

**DRURY LANE.**—The "powers that be," at this Theatre, when they promised "a practical illustration of the history of music during a period of 2500 years—each composition being given from the most authentic documents, in its original state and language," professed, we think, something too much. A series of concerts, on the same scheme, given in Paris by that sharp critic of English music, M. Fetis, proved a failure; and we had no better hopes for these "Historical Records." The plan, if it were possible to work it out in the space of a single evening, (allowing that evening to be of the *Alexandrine* length of a Lent Oratorio at one of the "Theatres Royal,") is impracticable; for, supposing that time, and patience, and means were given for the requisite rehearsals, who is to show us how "the music of the Greeks" was performed? According to what tradition did Mr. Braham sing his Ode to Nemesis? or Madame Caradori her sweeter and less barbarous 'Lay des Troubadours'? It is needless to push the question further;—for illustration's sake, it is enough to say, that when doctors differ even as to the manner in which Handel's noble works are to be executed—some holding the perversely antiquated notion, that because no marks of expression are to be found in his scores, they are to be performed rigorously as written down, without the aids and changes giving light and shade, which he might have directed orally, if not by his pen;—when, too, it is remembered, that the matchless 'Miserere' of Allegri produces no effect, save when given by the Papal singers, to whom their instructions have been handed down from father to son,—it is hardly likely, nay, it is utterly impossible, that Mr. Bochs, or any one else, could get up such a performance as the one under consideration, with anything like plausible correctness; and if not correct "it is naught," for it is impossible to fancy any one listening to the crude aboriginal specimens introduced to our ears yesterday week, from any other motive than that of curiosity, for ourselves, we confess to being overcome with weariness at the close of the "Second Period." At the same time, we ought to praise the artists employed, for the pains and gravity with which they went through their several tasks, and to mention a few of the more interesting specimens, in which something of regularity and melody was to be found. Perhaps the first of these was the 'Stabat Mater,' by Josquin des Pres, a fine old chorus; the next was 'Luther's Prayer,' which Mr. Braham made grave and effective; and

the next, the sprightly 'Balletto Veneziano,' which was pretty enough to obtain an *encore*, being trippingly sung by Madame Caradori, Miss Shirreff, Miss K. Robson, Mr. Braham, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Phillips; Palestrina's anthem disappointed us; we are ready, however, to believe that it may not have been properly performed. The next feature of striking novelty (for 'Charmante Gabrielle' is already sufficiently familiar,) was Harry Lawes's pleasant old ballad 'Silly Heart,' in which Mr. Phillips deserved his *encore*. The second period (2300 years having been dispatched in the opening portion) commenced with an overture by Lulli—a stately composition, thoroughly Handelish in its style. At this point we seemed to find our feet again, and henceforth our notice must be short. We shall only further mention (confining ourselves to such pieces as were new to us, and intrinsically striking) the psalm by Marcello, sung by Mrs. Bishop; 'Tartini's Dream,' the old original cadence *du diable*, which was very well played by Mori; the air from 'Le Devin du Village,' sweet, though somewhat insipid, in which Miss Shirreff appeared to great advantage, and Mr. Balfe's noble scene from Gluck's 'Orphée,' 'Laissez-vous fléchir,' with the chorus of demons. We will not ask why it was that the well-known music of Handel went worse than anything else in the scheme—nor particularize the remainder of the performances, which of course had less of the museum, and more of the modern orchestra, in their character and selection. As a whole, this heterogeneous entertainment was well got up; but one journey through the "dim and mouldy past" was enough for us, and, we suspect, will suffice most even of the enthusiastic lovers of the ancients.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—It appears from the preface to the volumes lately published by Joanna Baillie, that she has long indulged a wish to have some of her works represented on a stage of moderate dimensions, where there would be a chance of their being fairly tried. With a sort of Hibernian alacrity to meet this wish, the management of the largest theatre in London has produced her tragedy of 'The Separation.' With the assistance of an opera-glass, we saw it, but not having had an ear-trumpet, we cannot, with truth, assert that we heard much more than half of it. The choice was a bad one. A theatre which had twelve dramas to select from, and which has but a single performer in its company, who is both actor and artist, should have chosen one of which the main burthen rested upon that performer. On this occasion, therefore, 'Henriquez' would have been much better. However, we have at present only to do with the play which has been represented—and our remarks on that will not be lengthy, because we cannot think that it will hold more than a brief possession of the stage. Joanna Baillie's justly earned reputation will in no way be injured by the comparative failure of 'The Separation' as an acting play. She has not been tried as she desired to be tried, and consequently were we, as dramatic judges, to charge the public against her, she would be fairly entitled to tender a bill of exceptions. For the closet, 'The Separation,' though by no means the best of her plays recently published, has great merit. For the stage, it has (so to speak) but one scene—and although that one is of nearly first-rate dramatic power and beauty, one such scene is not sufficient to support a five-act play. We allude, of course, to that in the third act, where Garcia, having stolen in the dead of the night to his wife's chamber, in the expectation of convicting her of infidelity, discovers the true cause of her aversion, and is surprised into a confession that he is the murderer of her brother. It is due both to Mr. Kemble and Miss Helen Faucit, to say, that this scene, so finely conceived, and so finely written, was, by both of them, as finely acted. The applause of the audience was honestly won and freely bestowed. After this, the spirit of Count Garcio is necessarily extinguished, and the play may be considered to be at an end. There are two acts more, it is true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true;" for the greatest portion of them could scarcely be effective on the stage in any hands, and in those of Thursday, it was intrusive. Of Mr. George Bennett, who really is often very near to being an excellent actor, and who, in some particular parts, has even arrived at that dignity, we shall only say, in *Rovani*, that we

never witnessed, from the commencement to the close, so curious and complete a *bouleversement* of the author's meaning. He was, in truth, most strenuously wrong. Miss Faucit's performance, as a whole, was really very creditable to so young an actress. In this, as in other parts, her scenes of strong emotion were her best—there is far too much effort in those passages which ought to come under the head of level speaking—but want of experience has necessarily much to do with this, and the unnatural size of the theatre doubtless much more. The introduction of the baby on the stage, might and ought to have been avoided. In hands one jot less judicious than those of Mr. Kemble, it would probably have nipped the play in the bud. We beg to mention to the gentleman who played *Gauvino*, that if he had been good enough to speak the authoress's words, and to say—

But enter, man, and have a stoup of wine,

Enter, man, and take a glass of wine, an unmerited shout of laughter would have been avoided in the middle of a tragedy. We would also suggest, that, inasmuch as it is not customary to bury even military men before they are dead, it would be rather better not to let the soldiers in the last scene appear with their arms reversed while Count Garcio yet lives and speaks. If they are correct in doing this, why don't they complete the ceremony and fire over him? There was a slight difference of opinion about the re-announcement, but the applause greatly predominated.

#### MISCELLANEA

**London University.**—The annual general meeting took place on Wednesday, and the report was considered satisfactory. For the first time the receipts (for the session of 1834-5), exceeded the expenditure, both ordinary and extraordinary, and the prospects of the current year are still more promising.

**Medical Statistics.**—The following table may be interesting to more than our medical readers. It is an account of the number of young men exempted in France from military service, for three successive years, with the causes of exemption.

Cause of Exemption.	1831.	1832.	1833.	Yearly average
Loss of Fingers .....	732	647	743	714
Loss of Teeth .....	1,304	1,243	1,392	1,313
Loss of other Members or Organs .....	1,605	1,530	1,580	1,572
Surdity and Dumbness .....	830	736	725	764
Mumps .....	1,125	1,231	1,298	1,218
Lameness .....	949	912	1,040	970
Deformities other than the two preceding .....	8,006	7,630	8,394	8,008
Diseases of the Bones .....	782	617	667	689
Myopia, or short-sightedness .....	948	891	920	920
Diseases of the Eyes other than Myopia .....	1,726	1,714	1,839	1,760
Itch .....	11	10	10	10
Scurvy .....	749	800	794	781
Leprosy .....	57	19	20	35
Other diseases of the Skin .....	937	983	895	938
Scrofula .....	1,730	1,539	1,272	1,514
Diseases of the Chest .....	561	423	859	614
Hernia .....	4,044	3,579	4,222	3,948
Epilepsy .....	463	367	342	390
Various Maladies other than the preceding .....	9,168	9,058	10,286	9,504
Feebleness of Constitution .....	11,783	9,979	11,259	11,007
Default of Stature .....	15,935	14,962	15,078	15,325
Totals .....	63,459	58,870	63,633	61,994
Force of the Class .....	293,078	277,477	285,805	266,420

Thus, the annual average number of exemptions, from various causes, for the above three years, is one in about every four individuals; or one-fourth of the whole number called upon to serve.

**Professor Hamaker.**—It is only through a private letter from Holland that we heard of the death of this distinguished oriental scholar. He was born, says our correspondent, at Amsterdam in 1789; having early lost his father, it was by the aid of kind friends that he was enabled to pursue his studies. In his 26th year, he was appointed Professor of Oriental Literature at the Athenæum of Franeker, where he soon after published his notes on Philostratus, and a Latin dissertation 'On the necessity of illustrating the Greek and Latin histories of the middle ages, by reference to the oriental writers.' In 1817 he was chosen honorary Professor at the University of Leyden, and there published, 'The Mohammedan Religion considered as a strong motive to valour in the orien-

tal people,' and in 1822, 'An Essay on the Life and Merits of Sir William Jones.' In 1828, the museum of antiquities at Leyden having been enriched with some Punic monuments and inscriptions, he published two elaborate treatises in explanation of them. He took an active part in the 'Bibliotheca Critica Nova,' for which he wrote reviews of such works as were connected with oriental literature: this led him into a controversy with Von Hammer. In 1834, he published 'Academical Lectures on the utility and importance of grammatically comparing the Greek, Latin, and German languages, with the Sanskrit.' His private character is very highly spoken of.

**Curious Crystal.**—The crystal of hyaline quartz, belonging to M. Lemaire, which created so much sensation among the Geological Society of France, on account of its containing both a monocytledon and diocytledon leaf, has been submitted to M. Cordier, the learned professor of Geology at the Jardin des Plantes. Suspecting some trick, this gentleman suggested, that the crystal should be soaked in water, and if no alteration took place, also in brandy. M. Lemaire consented, and, in the latter liquid, the crystal separated into three pieces, between which the leaf of a lime tree and the feather of a falcon had been inserted with great ingenuity. The latter was intended to represent the monocytledon leaf.

**New Thermometrical Scale.**—Dr. Castle, of the Linnean Society, by modifying Fahrenheit, has proposed a scale which will admit of the thermometer being taken with the same precision as the barometer. The degrees are arranged decimally, 10°, 20°, 30°, and so on, each 10° being equal to 20° of Fahrenheit. The rise and fall of the quicksilver is shown by a small sliding scale, so graduated, that even the decimal fractions can be readily ascertained. The registering is, at the same time, accurate and easy; thus—15°.00, by doubling the degrees and the fractions will be found equal to 30° Fahr. exact, 15°.02 to 30° and four-tenths, 15°.05 to 31° exact, 15°.08 to 31° and six-tenths, 16°.00 to 32°, and so on. By this arrangement, greater accuracy is attained, without any increase in the size of the instrument.—*Brighton Herald.*

**Paris Free Schools.**—It is with real pleasure we bring under our readers' notice, the progressive extension of the British Free Schools established in this city. From a small beginning in the year 1832, they have gradually increased until they have assumed an importance that attracts the attention of all who are favourable to moral and religious education. The labours of the committee of management have been unremitting in forwarding the prosperity of these schools, frequently under peculiar disadvantages, which it is now hoped have disappeared. It is the intention of the committee to receive such English orphans as may be found in Paris; and in the new building conveniences for this purpose are being effected. A matron for the superintendence of the orphans is already engaged, in addition to the master and mistress of the schools.—*Paris Advertiser.*

**Newspaper Statistics.**—In Van Diemen's Land, with a population of now about 40,000, we have nine journals, viz. The Gazette, Courier, Tasmanian, Colonial Times, True Colonist, Morning Star, Launceston Advertiser, and Cornwall Chronicle, or one in about 4,500 inhabitants; and if we take into account, that more than one-third of these belong to the prisoner class, and have no means of subscribing to, or reading newspapers, we reduce the proportion to one in about every 3000. In New South Wales they have seven journals, viz. the Government Gazette, Sydney Gazette, the Herald, Australian, Monitor, Commercial Journal, and Colonist, distributed among a population of about 70,000, which gives about a journal to every 10,000 people. But then it is to be considered, that the most of the Sydney journals are on the average twice a week, which in fact makes as far as the number goes, but not as regards variety, the journal to be about one in 5000. There is this remarkable difference too to be observed, with regard to the readers in these colonies and in Europe, that the country residents, and not those in towns, are the greatest readers, (we speak from our own experience from the subscription list.) the proportion in Van Diemen's Land being at least three readers in the country to two in the town.—*Hobart Town Courier.*

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